

## J. M. HIGH &amp; CO.

Eager and anxious to meet the wants of the people of Atlanta and this section, we have left no stone unturned, but have visited every market on the globe in the selection of OUR NEW FALL STOCK.

With facilities for purchasing not enjoyed by many other merchants, together with the new tariff, we guarantee you a saving on EVERY DOLLAR'S WORTH BOUGHT OF US.



## Dressmaking.

We are turning out some magnificent costumes from our Dress-making Parlors. The talent employed here is unquestionably the finest in the South, or as good as any in America. Our prices remarkably low.

## Dress Goods.

Just such a stock! Such an array of new styles and shading it has never been our pleasure to show. Eclipsing all former efforts, we defy any and all competitors, and confidently say no house in America presents a better display.

We commence a sale tomorrow on some of the new season's staples, which are offered under the new tariff prices.

55-inch English Covert Cloth, \$1.00 formerly.

Price 60c

60 pieces 46-inch Colored Serges, strictly all wool, worth 65c.

Price 39c

67 pieces 54-inch all-wool French and Scotch mixtures, easily worth \$1.00.

Price 59c

48-inch French Suiting in all the leading shades, worth \$1.00.

Price 69c

Basement tomorrow, 5,000 yards Outing Flannels, worth 12 1-2c, At 7c a yard

Special.

61 pieces all wool 38-inch colored storm Serges worth half dollar.

Price Monday 25c

21 pieces 54-inch Navy Storm Serge, the \$1.00 quality,

Price tomorrow 69c



We claim the most complete Cloak Department in the South. Our styles are new, prices the lowest, consistent with first-class goods.

## Novelty Suits.

No two alike—no duplicates to be seen elsewhere. Embracing the very swiftest combinations of coloring and the newest and best weaves, more than 300 of them, too, to select from. All prices from \$10 to \$100 a suit.

## The Newest,

The Very Latest, The Correct Things In a Most Perfect

## Black Dress Goods Dep't.

This Stock, like all others, is thoroughly complete—offers the latest line of plain, fancy and rough effects.

## Prices Always Entertaining:

9 pieces 56-inch, extra fine Congle Tailor Cloths, rough effects and "awfully stylish," this week 98c yard; before the tariff \$1.50.

13 pieces 45-inch, all wool Willamette Serge, a nice durable cloth, one that will wear 47c; before the tariff 69c.

12 pieces 46-inch, fancy brooked Portland Street Suitings, something new and fast, and a great seller at 69c; before the tariff \$1.00.

5 pieces—a big drive—46 inch, silk finish, extra fine Francis Henrietta. This is an exceptional bargain, 93c yard. Ask to see it—worth \$1.39.

30 pieces all wool Astoria Flannel thrown on Bargain Counters at 25c yard. This is the 39c sort of last season.

Basement Monday, 2 cases fall Dress Calicos, worth 7c, Monday 4 1-2c

SILKS! SILKS!

A World of Silks!

Not exactly that, but Silks from all over the world and at home, too. Things in Silks in keeping with your purse.

Prices Most Interesting!

89c. .

A Wonderfully low price for 32 pieces Gros de Londre Silk in cream grounds with lovely bright figures, just the thing for a perfect evening gown. Would be cheap at \$1.50.

59c.

A marvelously low figure for 40 pieces all Silk Satin Duchess, all shades and black. These are usually retailed at 89c.

59c and up.

48 pieces new things in Glace, Taffetta and Two-toned Silks for suits, waists or gowns. A perfect exposition of the loom's latest effects. Prices always right, 59c to \$1.39 a yard.

39c.

Last week of our great Velvet Sale. Merchants, consumers, take notice: 100 pieces colored Silk Velvets at 39c yard. A grand bargain. You must see it. Write for it. It is the \$1.00 kind.

A Continuous Sale

Of 31 black Silk Patterns, 13 to 15 yards in each suit and showing all the weaves and styles known to the trade. Now is a great opportunity for a bargain.

Basement tomorrow, 21 pieces 68-inch bleached Table Linen, worth 65c, only 25c a yard

## HOISERY DEPARTMENT.

## Low Tariff Prices:

200 dozen ladies' regular made Hermsdorf black Hose, double heels and toes, plain and derby ribbed at 10c

225 dozen ladies' plain black cotton hose, spliced soles and toes, high spliced heels, well worth 50c at 3 pairs for \$1.00

73 dozen ladies' silk and lisle mixed hose, Hermsdorf black, double heels and toes, a special bargain at 50c

Our 25c hose in light, medium and heavy weight for misses and boys cannot be matched anywhere. We make a specialty of this line. All sizes 25c or 6 pairs for \$1.35

250 dozen children's fast black seamless Hose for school wear. All sizes 12 1-2c

175 dozen gents' Hermsdorf black half hose, aubole soles, high-spliced heels and double toes. As a leader 5 pairs for \$1.00

Genuine Shaw knit Sox at 15c

## Handkerchiefs.

We sell on Bargain Counter tomorrow 300 dozen Ladies' and Gents' Plain Hemstitched and Embroidered Handkerchiefs, true value 15 and 20c.

Monday only 5c each

## Ribbons.

1 lot fine Satin Ribbons 40, 60 and 80 ligne, worth as much as 75c, Monday 23c a yard

A lot of Satin Ribbons, all widths up to 12's, Monday 5c a yard

## Umbrellas.

Only about 260 of those Silk, Gloria and Serge Umbrellas bought from the collapsed umbrella trust left, worth from \$2.50 to \$4.00.

Monday at \$1.75 each

## Blankets and Comforts.

Under the new tariff you can buy Blankets extremely low. More than 2,000 pairs now in; 60 bales Comforts received last week. All prices, 50c to \$1.50.

We sell in our Basement tomorrow 200 pairs large size white Blankets, worth \$2.00 a pair at 25c a pair

## Embroideries.

On Bargain Counter tomorrow 3,000 yards Hamburg and Cambric Embroideries, worth from 15c to 35c, at Only 10c a yard

## Linen Laces.

5,000 yards hand-made Linen Laces. Before the tariff they were 25c, 35c and 40c.

Now 19c a yard.

## Veiling.

20 pieces Black Tuxedo Veiling, well worth 50c.

Now 15c a yard

## Gents' Underwear.

## Bargain! Bargain!

We bought 273 dozen Gents' Underwear and Drawers, drummer's samples, two and three suits of a kind, from one of the largest concerns known to the trade. They represent values from 75c to \$2.00 a garment. We give them to our customers tomorrow at 49c a garment

Basement tomorrow, a lot of drummer's samples of Men's Undershirts and Drawers, worth from 75c to \$1.50 a garment, only 39c a garment

## Suspenders.

Gents' real Gayde Suspenders, never shown anywhere for less than 50c, Monday 19c a pair

## Shirts.

Gents' Laundered "Monarch" Shirts. Others sell at \$1.50.

Monday's price 50c

## Neckwear.

See our immense line at 25c, all shapes, worth three times as much.

## Ladies' Merino Underwear.

Ladies' Egyptian Yarn Vests and Pants, worth 75c and \$1.00, Monday 50c each

Ladies' Combination Seamless Glove Fitting Union Suits, a new garment At 75c each

Ladies' Pure Lamb's Wool Vests and Pants, Jersey fitting, worth \$1.50 at Only 75c each

## Mail Orders.

Orders for goods or samples from out-of-town customers solicited.

## Towels.

78 dozen hemmed Huck Towels, size 27x45-inch, worth 40c, we offer them Monday At 22c each

150 dozen large size all linen Huck Towels, worth 20c, Monday at 13c each

## Table Linen.

10 pieces bleached Satin Table Damask worth 85c, Monday 49c a yard

18 pieces turkey-red Table Damask worth 50c, Monday 25c

## Counterpanes.

150 fine Marseilles Pattern Counterpanes, cheap at \$1.50, Monday at \$1.00

We sell in our Basement tomorrow 3,000 yards fine Cambric, Mull and Swiss Embroideries, worth 10c to 15c a yard, at 3c a yard

## BOYS SCHOOL SUITS

## Finest Fabrics.

The largest and finest assorted stock of Children's Suits ever shown in this city, and at prices 50 per cent lower than you are asked by the regular clothing stores.

We have just received and placed on our counters another new and hobby lot of those \$5.00 Imported Scotch Cheviot Suits—all ages, 5 to 15 years, which we will continue to sell at the ridiculous price of \$3.49 a suit. Every garment warranted all wool. In all colors—grays, dark checks, browns and all new shades.

On Monday morning we will offer 300 all-wool Melton Suits at \$2.50 a suit—all ages 4 to 15. Also 150 all-wool, best school suits in the city, at \$1.87 a suit, all ages; acknowledged by parents to be equal to any \$3.00 suit shown in Atlanta. Call, examine and be convinced.

Have you seen our \$2.00 Jersey Suits for the little fellows 3 years to 7 years? They are simply beauties, and sold everywhere at \$4.00. An elegant whistle with each suit.

We will be pleased to have you examine our full line of Novelties for children's wear, as we are acknowledged headquarters for Novelties Suits. Reffer and Jersey Suits, all ages, from 3 years to 7, and at extremely low prices.

Extra fine Navy Blue School Pants at 75c. Boys' School Pants at 50c a pair; all wool.

Boys' School Overcoats, a full and complete line. Buyers can save money by inspecting our line before purchasing.

## CLOAK DEP'T.

The right styles at the right prices. Not a little corner in the store but a space almost as large as the entire store of some merchants, (devoted to this line.) You can be sure of seeing the very latest in Cloaks, Suits, Capes and Wraps. We are CLOAK HEADQUARTERS.

## Introductory Sales.

Ladies' Cloth Capes, all wool, at \$1.23.

Ladies' fine Cloth Jackets, all wool, at \$3.75.

Ladies' Bourette Cloth Jackets, extra long, at \$5.00.

Ladies' Kersey Cloth Satin-faced Capes, cut full, At \$5.00 a suit

Ladies' tailor-made Suits, splendid style and finish, At \$5.00 a suit

Misses' Braided Jackets, perfect fitting, worth \$7.50, At \$3.49 each

Children's Reefers At \$1.00 each

Children's fine Eiderdown Cloaks, worth \$4.50, At \$1.98 each

Ladies' Tea Gowns, all wool, worth \$12.50, At \$6.50 each

Ladies' Eiderdown Robes and Dressing Sacks, a full and complete line.

Ladies' Applique Cloth Capes from \$7.50 to \$40.00

Ladies' "Golf" Capes, \$5.00 to \$50.00.

Ladies' Black Cloth Capes, silk lined throughout, worth \$20.00, At \$12.50

## SHOES.

## [Balcony]

## Shoes for Men!

## Shoes for Ladies!

## Shoes for Misses!

## Shoes for Boys!

## Shoes for the Little Ones!

The best appointed Shoe Store in the city. Prices under any and all competitors.

Men's Calf Bals at \$1.25.

Men's Calf Bluchers at \$2.00.

Men's Calf Bals, glove toe, \$2.00.

Men's hand-sewed Bals and Congress \$3.00, worth \$5.00.

Men's cork sole Congress at \$3.00, worth \$5.00.

Ladies' Kid Boots, patent tip, at \$1.00.

Ladies' Glove Grain Boots at \$1.00.

Ladies' Button Boots, cloth top, patent tip, \$1.50.

Ladies' cloth top Blucherettes, \$1.50.

Ladies' bright Dongola Boots with open and square toe, only \$1.50.

Ladies' handsome button Boots at \$2.00.

Misses' bright Dongola Button, spring heel, 12 to 2, at \$1.35.

Misses' Grain Button, spring heel, at 85c.

Boys' school Shoes at \$1.00, worth \$1.50.

Children's Dongola Button at 50c.

Children's Dongola Button, patent tip, at 75c.

Basement Monday, 600 yards good unbleached Drilling, good value at 8c, only 5c a yard

## CROCKERY DEPARTMENT.

## (Basement)

## Specials for Monday.

50 doz. half-gallon glass Pitchers worth up to \$1.00 each. Your choice 39c.

50 doz. Plates, a great variety of decorations, worth from 30c to 50c each. Your choice Monday for only 20c each.

Your choice of a table full of Lamps. Some are worth \$2.50, some \$3.50 each. Your choice Monday only \$1.98. Will only be offered one day at that price.

On the Ten-Cent Table you will find many articles useful in the house that are worth from 20 to 30c each.

400 doz. yellow bowls, assorted sizes, the lowest priced one worth regular 45c a doz. Your choice by the dozen for Monday only 39c doz.

25 doz. water bottles, finest imitation cut glass, worth 75c. Choice of three patterns Monday for 43c.

## We sell in Basement

tomorrow 5,000 yards Cream Outing Flannel, worth 10c, for 4c a yard

## CARPETS and DRAPERIES.

We have no old stock to show. No accumulations of a half century to work off. Everything is bright, fresh and new.

Our line of fine Axminsters, Wiltons, Velvets, Body Brussels and Tapestry Brussels embrace designs and patterns exclusively our own. Ingrain Carpets of choicest designs at lowest prices. A saving of 20 per cent made on everything in Carpets and Draperies the coming week. Be quick.



The New Golf Cape And all the latest styles of Capes are shown in our mammoth Cloak Department.

## Visit Our New

## Art Department

## On the Balcony.

Just received, a new line of the latest things in Stamped Linens, Fringes, etc.

Real Down Pillows, fancy covers, \$1.35 to \$5.00.

Fancy crepe tissue paper, all colors, 10c a roll.

Linen Squares, stamped, 10, 15 and 25c.

Round center pieces, stamped in linen, 25c.

New drapery Silks, special, 50c a yard.

Silklenes, all colors, only 9c a yard.

Fancy pin cushions 25c up.

Fancy pin cushion covers 19c up.

Wash Emb. Silk only 19c a doz., all colors.

Knitting Silk 24c a spool.

Basement tomorrow, 5,000 yards standard Dress Gingham, worth 10c, At 3 1-2c yard



## French Millinery.

We are displaying some rare creations in French Pattern Hats, and some perfect gems from Louise and Francois, together with our own designs. You can rest assured of being pleased, and at the same time get something of an individual style and beauty of its own, correct in shape and coloring.

We offer here tomorrow 1,000 Ladies' Felt English Walking Hats and Misses' Felt Sailors, worth from 75c to \$1.50, at only 50c each.







## INTERVIEWING MEN.

How Railroad Men of High Rank Are  
Approached by Reporters.

SOME ARE HARD TO GET NEWS FROM

Mr. John H. Inman Is a Pleasant  
Man to Interviewers.

HE TALKS BY THE WATCH

President Samuel Spencer, of the Southern  
Is a Reticent Talker—Other Promi-  
nent Railroad Men Who Talk.

It is true that railroad men of high  
rank are not easily interviewed by news-  
paper reporters, certainly it can be said  
that they have such claims for ex-  
cuse as renders it easy to be forgiven.

Railroad managers, as a rule, have very  
grave responsibilities resting upon their  
overburdened shoulders and nothing to  
them is half so important as keeping their  
own councils. Surely it can safely be said  
that the manager of a great railroad in  
modern times is the business man of the  
period. There is no such business like it  
under the sun. There is no such responsi-  
bility placed upon mankind in this work-  
a-day world of ours.

The competition among the great trunk  
lines of the country is positively carried to  
a brutal extent. It has been said of rail-  
road rivalry that there is not a line but  
has a knife up its sleeve for another. This  
sort of business-like spirit of antagonism  
is held as sacredly in the hearts of every  
traffic solicitor of the road as the vendetta  
is dear to the Corsican's heart, and when a  
road has once "done another" it is a  
thing never quite forgotten. It cannot be  
fully comprehended by the lay mind to  
what extent competition between railroads  
sometimes runs.

In this connection—simply as a passing  
thought—it may be of interest to consider  
that with such keen rivalry going on be-  
tween and among the great railroads of the  
country the people are safe. If there is any  
stronger argument about the government  
ownership of railroads than this very fact,  
it does not appear clear under such con-  
siderations, since the popularistic idea, if car-  
ried out, would completely annihilate com-  
petition of this kind.

Of the officials of high authority have  
secrets—profound secrets—which, if given  
away, would greatly involve their interests  
and in many instances pay serious dam-  
age to the properties under their guidance.  
It would be folly for them to step aside  
from the usual plan of business and idly  
gossip about their affairs and open to the  
scrutiny of the public gaze the many little  
schemes adroitly laid for the furtherance  
of their interests in the great bustling arena  
of active railroadings.

Thus, it is to be forgiven if they some-  
times close up like the proverbially silent  
oyster when the enterprising and eager  
newspaper reporter puts in his appear-  
ance and buzzes around like a badly-ruffled  
wing.

But, withal, it must be said that railroad  
officials would be far more communicative  
if the newspaper reporters would be con-  
tained to sensational stories. In getting  
real facts, they have a right to be told. To  
real facts, it is said that a reporter groups  
a little bit of rumor on the street and  
without waiting for the verification or  
the denial, scatters it broadcast as a  
solidly sensational bit of gossip for what-  
ever it is worth. This practice would  
never be tolerated in any other world of  
news and all manner of idle talk results  
sometimes doing great damage to the road  
in question, when there was absolutely  
nothing in the rumor. It is to be said that  
the course pursued by the newspaper man, of  
course, the head official of that railroad  
would feel exceedingly uneasy in conversa-  
tion with the reporter who wrote the article  
when next he saw him and ever after  
would be more than apt to grow  
wary.

If the railroad official knows that what  
he tells a reporter will appear just as he  
tells it, if he has assurance that the re-  
porter is enough of a railroad man him-  
self to fully grasp the meaning of this or of  
that and not pervert the facts in his report  
then there is never any bad treatment on  
the part of the railroad man to this news-  
paper man.

Mr. John H. Inman's Way.  
John H. Inman, millionaire and giant  
railroad man, of New York, is one of the  
most accessible and communicative of the  
easiest to interview. If he has any-  
thing to tell he will tell it with the suavity  
of a Chamberlain and the readiness of a  
buff-fellow-well-met.

The writer recalls his first interview for  
the press with Mr. Inman. The writer dic-  
tated orders for the interview just twenty  
minutes before Mr. Inman was going to  
leave town. It took five minutes to get to  
him. The mission of the trip was ex-  
plained.

"Well, I have fifteen minutes in which to  
catch a train," said Mr. Inman.  
"Can you give me five?" was asked.  
"No," said the millionaire, "but talk fast."  
What if you want a reporter to make him  
talk fast? With this capitalist pulled his big  
water from his pocket and held it in his  
hand, while he answered the questions  
directed to him in volleys.

Time was up.  
But Mr. Inman, with perfect understand-  
ing of what he was talking about and  
with a keen sense of humor, made him-  
self understood, had given a talk for  
the readers of the paper that filled two full  
columns next day with plenty of "double  
double" and a great deal of "triple triple."  
The story caused considerable comment.

Mr. Spencer Is Very Cautious.  
Mr. Samuel Spencer has a free hand and  
a free heart for the reporter, but his  
mind holds pretty fast to what he says  
and he tells all that can be told at the time  
with prudence, perhaps, but he could tell  
a great deal more sometimes if he would.  
He told justice to him, it is to be said  
that he would tell it all if he did not  
seem to fear wrong conclusions might be  
drawn from the details if he dared go into  
them for the public eye.

Of course, a man with the responsibility  
of shaping the greatest railroad system  
in the south on his hands, cannot  
talk for the public eye as freely as he  
likes. He has to think of the public eye  
and he has to think of the public eye  
and he has to think of the public eye.

When Mr. Spencer never cuts a reporter  
short in an interview.  
He listens with interest to every question  
and answers with courteous and in a positive manner.

When asked something he knows and  
doesn't want to tell the newspapers, Mr.  
Spencer frankly states the fact and asks  
the reporter in stock polite speech to please  
excuse him from answering.

When Mr. Spencer was on his late tour  
of the south through the railroad lines  
for the Great Northern Co., he antici-  
pated the onslaught of the reporters in all  
the leading cities, his visit and in advance  
prepared for them a statement, having it all

ready in typewritten copy, and when asked  
for an interview he would refer the re-  
porter to his private secretary for one of  
these copies.

Of course, he would give such other an-  
swers to additional queries as he was in  
position to give. The idea in having the  
statements ready was simply to get the  
main facts about the reorganization  
before the people correctly from the  
reorganizers authoritatively. Mr. Spen-  
cer has never had any secret to hold from  
the people of the south in the matter of  
publishing what was going on throughout  
the entire work of reorganization. He has  
always been free to talk to the newspaper  
men. He has never kept anything hidden  
about any of his matters which related  
strictly to detail and not the work as view-  
ed by the people, and then it was because  
it was not time to tell more than that it  
was because it was a scheme to keep dark.

Major Thomas Most Agreeable.  
Major J. W. Thomas, president and gen-  
eral manager of the Nashville, Chat-  
tahooga and St. Louis railway, likes news-  
paper men. He delights in their company  
and always has a good word for them.  
All this is due solely to his gentlemanly  
feelings and high-born manners, and a sort  
of little curiosity and interest he feels in  
the land of Bohemia and Bohemians in  
general.

Major Thomas is a tall, stout, fine-looking  
type of the old-time southern gentleman.  
His appearance is rather commanding, so  
dignified and so striking. His immense  
forehead is a marvel to present the  
cast of countenance one would expect to see  
on the stage among the actors of legiti-  
mate tragedy, but in spite of this seeming  
sternness of countenance the Major Thomas is  
as cordial as the summer day is bright and  
happy. The writer remembers his first in-  
terview with Major Thomas. He had come  
to the city in color. Sometimes his arri-  
val did not become known in the city de-  
partment of the paper until after midnight.  
There was important news Major Thomas  
had brought with him. He had brought the  
papers of the following afternoon would  
all be crying off a "scoop." He had to be  
seen that was all there was to it.

With some mixing and mulling the  
writer climbed upon the doorsteps of the  
private car and knocked at the door. There  
was a "come in" and the writer entered.  
The Major was sitting at a table and the  
moon beamed down a peaceful benediction  
upon the deserted and quiet streets.

Major Thomas was awake and was at the  
door.  
With a stern voice he demanded the name  
of the unearthly caller who would wake  
him at an unreasonable hour. He was given  
the information, and at once his nature  
changed. It was a clear case of feeling  
sorry for the man who had come to tell  
at that hour of the night rather than  
scorn for the man who would awake him at  
such an hour that made him warm up to  
the caller. He laughed outright in spite  
of his drowsiness.

"Why, come in," said he, and it wasn't  
long before he had his chief clerk out of  
bed and was dictating answers to the ques-  
tions he was asked.

And the news he gave was such as  
could never be of any advantage to the  
road. It was about a matter totally for-  
eign to his company.

Major Thomas says he has always found  
newspaper men very safe to trust. He has  
always been willing to trust them because  
he has seldom been treated unfairly by  
them. He gives the papers all that is safe  
for the interests of his company to be  
known by the public.

Vice President Baldwin Is Cordial.  
There is everything in the way a man re-  
ceives a reporter. It is to be said that  
W. H. Baldwin, third vice president of  
the Southern railway, who has charge of  
the transportation department of the en-  
tire system and who is one of the most  
wide-awake railroad managers in the coun-  
try today, is certainly one of the most po-  
lite and gentlemanly railroaders a news-  
paper man ever has to call on for an inter-  
view.

When Mr. Baldwin was called by Presi-  
dent Spencer to take charge of the South-  
ern railway, he came from the far west to  
the south. He did not know a soul in this ac-  
tivity of the country. Every fact he knew  
that he was a stranger. Within the brief period  
of his connection with the Southern Mr.  
Baldwin has made more friends than any  
other man could usually do.

He is one of the most magnetic railroad  
men in the country, and is known for his  
extreme friendliness and cordiality. Mr.  
Baldwin is a native of Boston. After  
knocking around the western world for  
several years he has lost none of that deli-  
ciousness of the humor that is so much  
valued by the people. His manners are as  
beautiful as those of a cultured and refined  
gentleman with all that frankness and  
sincerity which the cultured Frenchman  
possesses.

Mr. Baldwin talks freely to the men of  
the press. He has no secrets to keep from  
them. He tells everything that has happen-  
ed, but politely declines to talk about any-  
thing that is yet to happen, simply saying  
that he will tell it when it comes. "We  
have not come to that yet." That will follow  
it and you'll have to wait for it to come  
up."

Of course, with a man so cordial and  
communicative it is not hard to get what  
he is able at the time to give. Of course,  
he is not a reporter, but he is a railroad  
man, and he is a railroad man.

Dr. Frederick T. Roberts  
Writes in Birmingham's Index of Medi-  
cine and Surgery an Article  
on Malaria.

What Dr. Hartman Says.  
An article on chronic malaria by the above  
author, which appeared in the Birmingham  
Index of Medicine and Surgery, reads as follows:  
"Some chilliness or rigors may be experi-  
enced, but there is no cold stage of any  
duration...the skin being burning and dry,  
the face flushed, the eyes injected...head-  
ache, giddiness, restlessness, sleeplessness  
and nausea are commonly present, the vomited matters consisting, first,  
of food, then of a watery fluid, and finally  
of bilious matters...Great oppression and  
distress are felt in the chest, the tongue  
is furred and tends to dryness; the lips  
are parched, and there is intense thirst  
which is common...The spleen and liver are  
usually enlarged...Urinary scanty, dark and  
of a high specific gravity...The complexion  
is also very serious...If treatment  
has been long delayed, so that the malarial  
cachexia has become established, it is diffi-  
cult to bring about a complete cure."

Some perspiration...Yellowness of the  
skin is common...The spleen and liver are  
usually enlarged...Urinary scanty, dark and  
of a high specific gravity...The complexion  
is also very serious...If treatment  
has been long delayed, so that the malarial  
cachexia has become established, it is diffi-  
cult to bring about a complete cure."

Every one of the interesting in-  
habitants of sea water is the beautiful lit-  
tle flying fish. To watch them fit from the  
water and spin through the air is invigorat-  
ing. They seem to find no rest in the water  
and can permanently get rid of the malarial  
poison. Per-ru-na is probably the only remedy  
known to the medical profession that has  
been found to cure the disease in its early  
stages. In chronic malaria there is no  
distinct sweating stage, and there may be  
no regular time for the bad spells to return.  
It is liable to make one feel horribly miser-  
able all day, and sometimes every day.  
Chronic malaria resembles closely nervous  
prostration and palpitation of the heart.  
Nervous prostration is often a result of  
chronic malaria. In short, this disease is  
frequently so completely disguised that it  
is very difficult to detect. At this time  
the writer is suffering from it, and a phys-  
ical disturbance is liable to be caused  
by chronic malaria and a sufficient cause  
of Per-ru-na should be taken.

Per-ru-na should have a copy of the  
free book on malaria by Dr. Hartman, pub-  
lished by the Per-ru-na Drug Manufacturing  
Company, of Columbus, Ohio. Send in  
your address early so as to avoid delay.

## SEEN AT SEA.

Has Anybody Ever Seen Real, Genuine  
Sea Serpents?

SOME CURIOSITIES OF THE DEEP

Monsters and Freaks and Floating Bottles  
and Other Things That Attract the At-  
tention of Our Deep Water Divers.

IF YOU EVER SEE A  
sea serpent—one of  
those hideous mon-  
sters that we some-  
times read about  
in the newspapers—  
and devour whole  
ship crews,

No, I never saw  
one, nor never saw  
anybody else who  
has seen some-  
thing that a sea-  
serpent person, or may-  
be a person who has been  
imbibing too freely, has  
told me about. There  
is a kind of seaweed called "kelp" that  
grows sometimes to a depth of sixty or  
seventy feet. It has a long, thin, leafy  
dark brown color that has a slimy ap-  
pearance from being constantly wet. It  
has a leaf that looks like fodder, though  
much darker in color. Sometimes this  
weed becomes detached from the bottom by  
the wash of the waves and floats around on  
the water surface, rising and falling with  
the swell of the sea. It is a very curious  
serpentine wriggling in the sea, owing to  
its color and shape. It is about six inches  
in diameter at the large end, tapering down  
to the size of a man's wrist. The leaves  
have the appearance of wriggling fins or  
legs, and the joints where the leaves are  
attached are like a series of arches over  
the water. The leaves are about four feet  
long and are very flexible. They are very  
much like the leaves of a willow tree, but  
they are much thicker and have a more  
slimy appearance.

Another delusion is the capering of a  
school of porpoises. These animals are fish-  
like, but they are not fish. They are  
mammals, and they breathe air. They are  
very intelligent and very playful. They  
are often seen leaping out of the water  
and coming down again. They are very  
much like the porpoises of the sea, but  
they are much larger and have a more  
slimy appearance.

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along through the water, jumping up and  
down, these fish strike it and, of course,  
hang themselves. Haul them in and admire  
them. Measure from one to three feet in  
length and weigh from ten to thirty pounds.  
Their bodies are smooth and shiny and re-  
fect the sun like the rainbow. They are  
from which reason the Spanish call them  
"bontio," which means beautiful. If the  
moon is full, however, beware of the bar-  
rauda, for there is death in its water. What  
effect the moon can have on them is more  
than I can tell, but I do know they will  
poison any one at that time. A person  
poisoned by them will swell up to an  
enormous size, especially around the head  
and neck. I saw two persons poisoned by  
sailing them and putting their heads down  
into them. One thing that lives on the sur-  
face of what is known among sailors as the







## SUNDAY MEDLEY.

## II.—SOMETHING NEW.

The whole clamor of the age is for something new. The newest things are old to the modern eye and mind. The wonderful things that Mr. Edison has done with the subtle force of electricity are accepted as commonplace. The novelty has worn off. Originality itself is but a tame improvement on something that is old. In the guise of freshness and originality old things are continually masquerading before us in books and on the stage. What we see is nothing but the worked-over skeleton of what our fathers saw. You know what is coming before you have laughed at it and cried over it. You grow weary of the repetition. Books—and books are good—claim nothing that is new save little tricks of style, catchy eccentricities of design and a few touches of modernity. The central idea is unchanged. And in these over-modern days a return to primitive custom is called originality. Cover what field you will, some other man has covered it before. There are no undiscovered countries.

Beauty of landscape, greatness of art, magnificence of invention, splendor of wealth—the nineteenth century mind has tired of these as things old and monotonous. Nature seems to have no new surprises for her surprised children. The very essence of art is imitation. It is characteristic of these over-modern times that life, with richer gifts than ever bestowed on people before, seems cheap and barren. The things we have seen old and new. How common it is to say my longer. Old plots, old characters, old scenes, old jokes. The weary mind longingly inquires for something that has the bloom of newness and freshness upon it. It would be like a fountain in a hot desert.

And yet I know a man who, tired of all these things, has found something absolutely new. It is a discovery that none but he can make. He cannot guide their steps to it. Columbus's eyes were not more eloquent of joy when he sighted America than are the eyes of this man when he tells of his discovery. The joy of the discoverer is his.

"I thought I was telling you of something that is old—that you have heard of before. I wouldn't say a word," he said, enthusiastically. "I am a discoverer. I have discovered that the world is new. I have been believing life a tame sort of thing, a sort of nursery existence, with a lot of toys of which I had grown tired. How did I discover my mistake? Eyes, eyes—eyes did it—not mine, but hers!"

"Why, sir, there was never anything like her before. She is a dream—an angel. But those eyes, soft, tender, imploring, reproachful, smiling—heavenly! Oh, fellow, you can't understand—you may think mine is just an ordinary case, just like every other fellow's experience, but it's not. There was never anything like her in all the world—never!"

He had found something new. The cards will be out shortly, I guess. This enthusiastic young discoverer was right, doubtless. Tender eyes, stolen kisses—the only things in the world that perpetually remain new.

## III.—IN AN ELEVATOR.

It was in an Equitable elevator, one of those swift moving cars that dart up and down past the marble floors in the grasp of electricity.

Two young men, well dressed fellows they were, were in the elevator as it came to a halt at the bottom floor. They were talking about the play of the night before or something. A plain looking woman, in a cheap looking dress and a shirt waist from which the light stripes had faded, came across the tiling and stepped in.

There was a brief halt in the conversation as the two men glanced at the new passenger; both gave an involuntary movement of the right arm and then resumed talking. Neither removed his hat. They had started to do so—that was plain, but a glance at the woman—why, she was too common. Respectable enough, but her dress was a cheap affair and her hands were red.

The elevator was nearly ready to go when a third man came in and took off his hat. He glanced at the men and at the woman, and then turned to make way for two elegantly dressed ladies who came in.

The two men stopped talking entirely and lifted their hats. The movement was a polite one, but simultaneously the hands that held the hats quivered a bit, and the faces of the men flushed guiltily. They glanced at the other passenger, scratched their heads with the hands that held the hats, replaced the hats and tried to look as if nothing had happened.

Everybody glanced at everybody significantly. Everybody understood. Queer things happen in elevators. A man—or woman—who enters an elevator should leave all rules of etiquette behind, I suppose. Did you ever rush suddenly into an elevator, with nothing on your mind but the number of the floor you want to get off on, and find yourself in the arms of a crew of people, who may be your dearest friends, for all you know?

They are herded together there in the car and you can't see every face, and don't want to see them if you could. The next day you meet your dearest friend—maybe your fiancée—and get the cold cut. If you ever get any explanation at it at all it is that you didn't speak to her on the elevator.

You have been introduced to people on elevators, of course. I'd rather make an acquaintance on a bicycle. You meet, speak, something is said and then—bip, the elevator stops. Your floor, and you walk off awkwardly, just at the crisis of your remarks.

You may meet in an elevator a young lady whom you once held in very tender regard, but to whom you now only coldly bow. It's very embarrassing. Of course, there are a lot of vulgar people there, and if you bow in a distant way they stare at you, and if you smile and seem delighted you compromise your independence. Then it's very awkward, riding at such close quarters with the young lady. She feels it and you know it. You imagine, too, that the crowd has caught on.

Elevators are wonderful promoters of discord and marvelous producers of embarrassment.

## III.—A QUESTION OF VALUES.

How much better than a man should a woman be?

Every man you meet will tell you that she should be infinitely better, that it's all right for a man to be a devil of a fellow, but that a woman should have a suggestion of divinity about her. Perhaps Henry Arthur Jones expressed the man of the world side on this question in a clever line in his new play, "The House of the Dead." The hero of the play, a typical young man of the times, is asked why he does not marry. He answers:

plains that the contract covers too long a period, and says:

"Women complain that men won't marry. It's all their fault for making themselves so cheap. Women ought to be a good deal better than men—that's my theory, and I'm gallant enough to act upon it, for when I see women lowering themselves I lower myself so I may still have the pleasure of looking up to them."

It's a good sight to see a great big manly young fellow handing around the collection box and showing people to seats in church. It augurs well for him, but if he does not do it, if he affects the races and the theater instead, people do not argue that he is badged and ticketed for moral and social ruin. But it is expected of every woman that she shall be, not prudish and puritanical, but certainly religious. Many a husband regards his wife as the moral anchor of the matrimonial firm. By reason of her virtues he expects, in some way, to be made an angel of when he dies. A man is willing to be weaker than a woman in no point save this. He feels that his wife should be religiously stronger than himself, and the average man is not disappointed.

But Henry Arthur Jones did not have religion in mind when he made his cynical hero give utterance to his not uncommon creed. He meant womanliness—a broader term, embracing the same thing. It was his idea that women live a little for their husbands and so much for society that there is really no inducement for a bachelor to get married. He can enjoy the companionship and society without burdening himself with vows.

If there is any practical suggestion, it is this, that some women might make themselves vastly dearer if they held themselves so.

## IV.—A VOICE OF THE FUTURE.

In the August Forum is an article by Hamlin Garland, which is quite the best thing of its kind I have read in a good many days. It is on Garland's idea—what, by the way is the coming one—that what writers of fiction should strive after is realism. He expounds his idea even more clearly than Mr. Howells, who is an exponent of the same school, could have done. He is in favor of a literature that not only savors of the soil and is in that sense local and sectional, but which bravely and faithfully depicts life as it is, without picking out the beautiful and exceptional. In the common occurrences of life he sees significance. The life of the humble western plowboy has its romance for him. In the crudest, simplest life he sees possibilities of great art.

And it is not the happy-stories alone that Mr. Garland would tell. There need not be a marriage or a reconciliation or a happy circumstance at the ending. It is not always that way in real life, and actual life is his standard. In making his stories Mr. Garland has a careful regard for actualities. Character is more than incident, a railway station as great as a castle.

To my mind there is not in American literature today a more sterling figure than Garland. Some day the literary world will wake up and find that he is the genius of a new literature. ROBERT ADAMSON.

## TWO LUCKY MEN.

They invest in a Lottery Ticket and Earn a Small Fortune Which Is Well Invested.

From The Chicago, Ill. Dispatch, Sept. 14th. Less than a month ago S. Lahshensky was a poor, struggling young tailor, at 214 Jackson boulevard. Today he is one of the happiest men in Chicago, for fame fortune has smiled upon him in a most substantial way and he is the proud possessor of quite a comfortable bank account. It happened in this way:

Mr. Lahshensky is a Hebrew. He was born twenty-two years ago in the land of the czar, where the Jews are much persecuted. Five years ago, alone and almost penniless, he left his native land and sought home in America, finally locating in Chicago in 1881. He had learned tailoring in Russia and at 214 Jackson boulevard he started a little repairing shop about five months ago.

On Friday, August 10th, W. Rothenberg, a customer of Mr. Lahshensky, came into the shop and chanced to show two one-twentieth tickets in the Honduras National Lottery (Louisiana State Lottery) which he had purchased for 50 cents. Mr. Lahshensky offered to take one of them more as a jest than aught else, and was given one of the slips, for which he gave Mr. Rothenberg 25 cents. The drawing took place on August 14th and Mr. Lahshensky was surprised that the number on his ticket, 15,172, had drawn the second capital prize of \$20,000. He presented his ticket and last week received a check for \$10,000, being the one-twentieth to which he was entitled.

Mr. Lahshensky is an industrious, energetic and deserving young man in whose hands the money will be well spent. When asked by a reporter for the Dispatch what he intended to do with the money he replied: "I am going to send a part of it to my father and mother who are still in Russia. The remainder I shall use to enlarge my shop and business, and to build myself up in Chicago. I appreciate the good fortune and I have purchased another ticket in the September drawing of the Honduras National Lottery. That company is honest and prompt and paid my prize without a quibble."

W. Rothenberg, who held the other one-twentieth of the same number, lived at 35 Newbury avenue, but when a reporter of the Dispatch called at his house he found he had moved; none of his neighbors could give his present address. But Mr. Lahshensky said he knew Mr. Rothenberg had gotten his money also. Mr. Rothenberg was a workingman's very moderate circumstances, and the money paid him by the Honduras National Lottery Company will prove a blessing to him and his family and will be well spent, no doubt.

Common Sense Is a somewhat rare possession. Show that you have a share of it by refraining from violent purgatives and drastic cathartics when you are constipated, and by relaxing your bowels gently, not violently, with Host's Bile Beans. These are a wholesome, thorough aperient and tonic. This world famous medicine conquers dyspepsia, malaria, liver complaint, kidney and bladder trouble, nervousness and is admirably adapted for the feeble and convalescent.

## THE COMPASS.

Vestibule Trains of the Southern Railway Run in All Directions from Atlanta.

The Southern railway with its four great arms stretching out from Atlanta to the north, east, south and west, takes a compass course in all directions from Atlanta at this point and shows the directness of routes in all directions from Atlanta by the Southern railway.

To the north and east is the Southern Railway's Piedmont or Little route, straight and direct, with our finest and only Pullman vestibule trains, with dining cars, and also the United States fast mail train, for Washington and New York. To the northwest and west is the route, via Chattanooga with three trains a day and sold through vestibule train daily to Cincinnati. The observation cars as far as Chattanooga, through the picturesque battlefield sections. To the south runs the Southern railway's great Florida route. It is the shortest line to Florida and to the southwest, with double daily through vestibule train and Pullman service. It is the most popular route ever operated to and from Florida.

To the west and southwest is the route via Birmingham, forming the short line to Memphis and the west and to Texas and Arkansas. Through Pullman vestibule service is in daily operation from Memphis to Washington via Birmingham and Atlanta over the Southern railway.

The Southern has lately arranged the handsome ticket office in the south, at the Kimball house corner. Its signs are elaborate and attractive, and the office is complete with agents, on hand early and late, to sell a ticket or reserve a berth to any point.

Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder. World's Fair Highest Medal and Diploma.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

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Book Agent—I should like you to take this book; it tells you how to raise everything. Farmer Howler—Waal, I'll take it, cause I want ter raise \$9 pretty darn quick.

## THEY CHANGED THEIR MINDS.



Farmers Jones and Smith start to the county fair with their prize live stock.

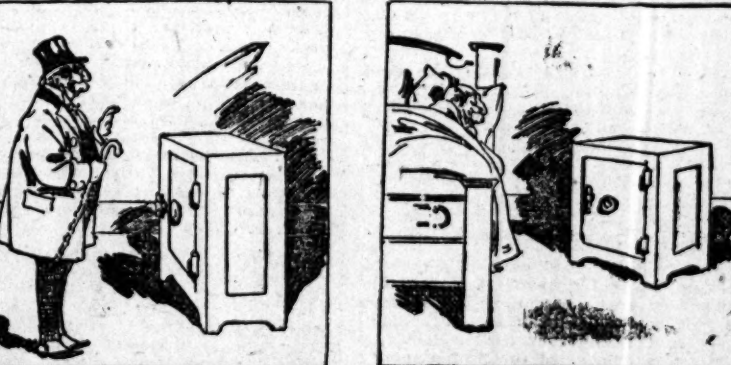


All went well until a boy threw an ear of corn in the midst.

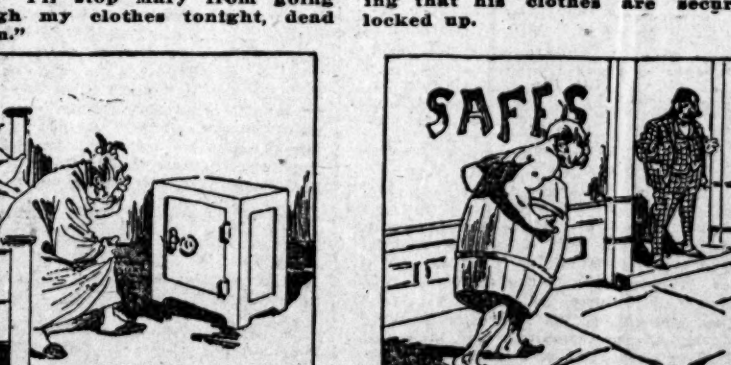


whereupon they decided to return home.

## THOSE COMBINATION LOCKS.



1. "Ah, there's the safe that I bought today. I'll stop Mary from going through my clothes tonight, dead certain."



2. How peacefully he sleeps, knowing that his clothes are securely locked up.



3. But alas! he forgot the combination, and—



4. This is the last that our artist saw of him.

## HIS LIFE PRESERVER.



Captain (during thunder storm)—Dutchie (a moment later)—I don't see you better jump for your life, sink mit dese shoes, ain't it? Dutchie, the vessel's sinking!!!

## PRETTY FLY.



1. "Well, her father won't let me call, so I've bought a Maxim flying machine."



2. "It certainly works splendidly."



3. "Come, sweet maid, and fly with me."



4. They fly.

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Very Little Money will go a very long way in the "cut price" furniture house, R. S. Crutcher & Co., 62 Peachtree street. They are next week making a special run on mattresses, chairs, pictures, springs and mattresses. Next week is the proper time for a big bargain.

A veritable family medicine box, Beecham's Pills.

## PERSONAL.

M. M. Mack, wall paper, paints, shades, picture frames. Samples sent Atlanta. C. J. Daniel, wall paper, window shades, furniture and room moulding. 40 Market street. Send for samples.

Water Cure Sanitarium. Is permanently located in Griffin, Ga., to receive and treat invalids. Send postage stamp for circular. March 12, 1894. J. W. ARMSTRONG, Proprietor.

Maier & Berkele will have their annual fall opening Monday, October 1st, with music in the afternoon and evening. All are cordially invited to come and inspect their new goods.

Be sure and attend the concert at Maier & Berkele's opening, Monday afternoon and evening, and at the same time feast your eyes on the prettiest display of fine watches, diamonds, cut glass, sterling silver and china ever seen in the city.

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"When I first began treatment with the Copeland physicians I was suffering with a complication of diseases. My trouble all began with a nasal catarrh. At times it was almost impossible for any person to remain in the room with me because of offensiveness of the breath. My whole system gradually became involved, particularly my stomach and liver.



"When Dr. Copeland began treating me my skin was as yellow as an orange. I was confined to my bed; in fact, I could not raise my head off the pillow. I had been treated by some of the most eminent physicians of New York and Philadelphia; they did me no good. I had given up in despair when a family friend recommended Dr. Copeland and begged my parents to try his treatment. In less than a month after beginning treatment I was able to be up and walk around. My skin all cleared up. I can eat and retain food and am rapidly recovering my health under the wonderful skill and treatment of those physicians. I feel quite sure that I would not be living today had I not begun treatment when I did."

WILLIE C. BROWN, Sharon, Ga.

## TRIAL TREATMENT FREE.

Sufferers who may so desire will be welcomed by Dr. Copeland to a trial treatment free on applying in person.

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figure. Now as to the prices. Here the

argument ceases. They are absolutely the

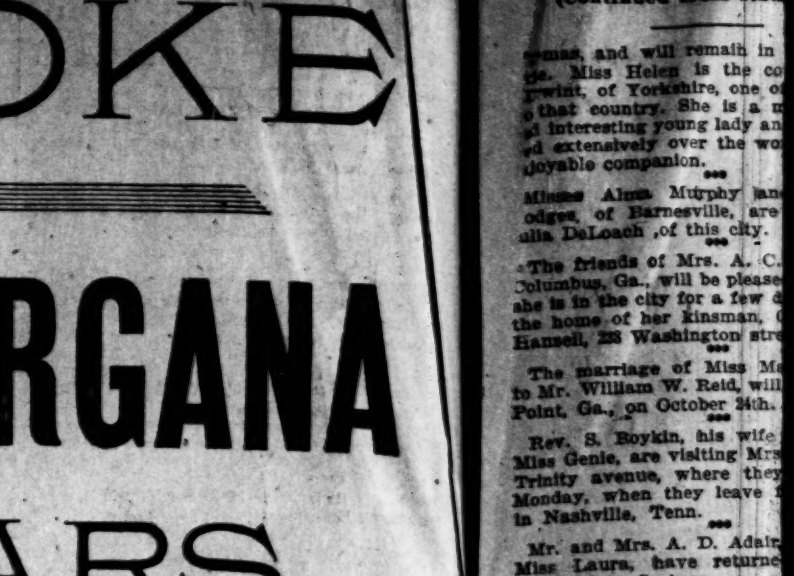
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 1. The flower show season  
 continues open until 12 p. m.  
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 school children's days,  
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 All exhibitors will be  
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 4. Competent judges will be  
 5. Room will be divided into  
 flowers for sale by exhibitor  
 mission of 25 per cent; will  
 the committee.  
 6. Competitors may attach  
 articles exhibited only after  
 been made.  
 7. No exhibit shall be re-  
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DEVOTED TO THE INSTRUCTION AND AMUSEMENT OF THE YOUNG READERS OF THE CONSTITUTION.

ATLANTA, GA., SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1894.

TWO DAYS IN THE LIFE OF PICCINO

BY FRANCIS HODGSON BURNETT.

PART III.—CHAPTER I.—(Concluded.)

She was a person, who through all her life, had cultivated the habit of getting all she had a fancy for. If one cultivates the habit and has plenty of money there are not many things one cannot have. There are some, it is true, but not many. Lady Alleen had not found many. Just now she was rather more bored than usual. Before she left England something had occurred which had rather troubled her. In fact, she had come to the Riviera to forget it in change of surroundings. She had been to Monte Carlo and had found it too exciting, and not new enough, as she had been there often before. She had been to Nice and said it was too much like a seaside Paris, and that there were so many English people that walking down the Promenade des Anglais was like walking down Bond street. She had tried San Remo because it was quiet, and she had a temporary fancy for being quiet, and then she had chanced to meet some people she liked. So she had taken a snow white villa high above the sea and with palms and orange trees and slender yellow green bamboos in the garden. And she had invited her new acquaintances to dinner and afternoon tea, and had made up excursions. Still she was often bored and wanted some new trifle to amuse her. And actually, when she saw Piccino and Mr. Gordon suggested to her that she should buy him,

at seeing the grand lady who was so plainly one of the rich forestieri, Rita, and all her neighbors began to explain their wrongs at once. They praised the donkey and reviled Annibale, and proclaimed that old Beppo was a malefactor without a soul, and a robber of the widow and the fatherless.

"Far better," cried Rita, "that my children should be without a father. An idle, ugly brute, who takes their bread out of their poor mouths. To sell their one friend who keeps them—the donkey."

Old Beppo looked both sheepish and frightened when Lady Alleen turned upon him, as he was beginning to shuffle away with his property at the end of his rope halter. "Stay where you are," she said.

"Illustrissima," mumbled Beppo. "A thousand excuses. But I have work to do, and the donkey is mine. I have bought it. It is my donkey, illustrissima."

Lady Alleen knew Italy very well. She drew out her purse that he might see it in her hand before she turned away from him. "Stay where you are," she said; "I shall have something to say to you later."

Then she turned to Rita.

"Stop making a noise," she said. "I want to talk to you."

What could the illustrious signora have to say to a wretched woman? Rita wept. All her children must starve, she must

a reasonable sum. But you will be foolish if you try to be extortionate. I want him—but not so much that I will be robbed."

"I should be a foolish woman if I tried to keep him," said Rita. "He will have nothing to eat tonight if he stays here—nor tomorrow—nor the day after, unless a miracle happens. The illustrious signora will give him a good home and will buy back the donkey and save us from starvation? I can come sometimes to the villa of the signora and see him?"

"Yes," said Lady Alleen practically. "And the servants will always give you a good meal and something to carry home with you. You can have him back at any time, if you want him."

She said this for two reasons. One was because she knew his mother was not likely to want him back because he would always be a source of small revenue. And then she herself was not a person of the affections, and if the woman made herself in the least tiresome she was not likely to feel it a grief to part with the child. She only wanted him to amuse her.

How it was all arranged Piccino did not in the least know. As he stood by the donkey his mother and the neighbors, his father and Beppo and the illustrious lady all talked together. He knew they were talking of him, because he heard his own name, but he was too little to listen or care. Maria listened to good purpose, however. She was wildly excited and exhilarated. Before the bargain was half concluded she slipped over to Piccino's side and tried to make him understand.

"The signora is going to buy back the donkey," she said, "and give us money besides, and you are going back in her beautiful carriage to San Remo, to live in her magnificent villa and be a signorine and have everything you want. You will be dressed like a king's son and have servants. You will be as rich as the forestieri."

Piccino gave her a rather timid look. He was not a beloved nursery darling; he was only a pretty little animal, who was only noticed because he was another mouth to feed. He was not of half as much consequence as the donkey. But the dirty place where he ate and slept was his home and it gave him a queer feeling to think of tumbling about in a strange house.

But Maria was so delighted and seemed to think he had such luck, and everybody got up a sort of excitement about him, and he did not want the donkey to be sold and he was too young to realize that he could not come back as often as he liked. And in the end, when the matter was actually settled, he found himself part of a sort of triumphal procession, which escorted him back to the place where the carriages were. His mother and Maria and several of the neighbors walked quite proudly along the road with him, and even old Beppo followed at a distance, and the donkey, having been freed from the halter and taking an interest in her friends, loitered along, also, cropping grass as she went.

Lady Alleen and Mr. Gordon had gone on before them. When they reached the place where the rest of the party was waiting, Lady Alleen explained the rather remarkable thing she had done, and did so with her usual direct coyness.

"I have bought the child with the eyelashes," she said, "and I am going to take him back to San Remo on the box with the coachman. He is too dirty to come near us until he is washed."

She was a person whom nobody thought of questioning, because she never questioned herself. She simply did what it occurred to her to do, and felt her own wish quite enough reason. She did not care in the least whether people thought her extraordinary or not. That was their affair, and not hers.

"You have bought Piccino!" one of her friends exclaimed. "Does that mean you are going to adopt him?"

"I have not thought of it as seriously as that," said Lady Alleen. "I am going to take him home and have him thoroughly washed, however. When he is clean I will decide what I shall do next. The thing that interests me at present is that I am curious to see what he will look like when he has had a warm bath all over and has been puffed with violet powder and had his hair combed. I want to see it done. I wonder what he will think is happening? Nicholson will have to take care of him until I find him a nurse. Look at his relatives and friends escorting him in procession down the road! They have already begun to regard him with veneration."

She beckoned to one of the men servants. "Greggs," she said, "you and Hepburn must put the child between you on the box. He is going back to San Remo with me. See that he does not fall off."

Greggs went to the coachman with a queer expression of the nostrils.

"We've got a nice bunch of narcissuses to carry back between us. Her ladyship says the boy is to go with us on the box."

"A nice go that is for two men that's a bit particular themselves," said the coachman. "Let's hope he won't give us both typhus fever."

And under these auspices Piccino went forth to his strange experience.

(To be Continued.)

your body may not be in motion when making the play.

Don't wait for a runner to get as near the base as possible, and then make a "grand stand" throw; it is much better to field the ball promptly, and then the baseman can recover it in time if the throw is a little wild.

Don't throw the ball the instant it reaches you, but pause a moment to see if the other man is ready.

Don't throw underhand, or try any "circus tricks" during a match; these are very neat in practice, but out of place in a game.

Don't run in front of a fielder for a ball that is obviously his; you are undoubtedly a better player than he, but he is in charge of a certain territory.

Don't reach between your feet for a ball you have fumbled; turn around, and you will be in better position to throw.

Don't lose your temper when you fumble a fast ball; keep cool and throw it carefully, and you may save the error.

### A Thanksgiving Story.

From Harper's Young People.

It was the day before Thanksgiving, and Gracie and her mamma went out to make some calls.

They were not exactly calls. Mrs. Miller was trying to collect money for a poor family, and Gracie was always pleased to be her mother's companion.

She listened very attentively to the story about the poor man who had been hurt by a fall. He would not have much of a Thanksgiving dinner unless kind people gave money enough to buy one for him.

In a short time money was given, and Gracie went with her mother to order the dinner. She longed to do something herself for the poor family, and as she listened to the order she heard nothing said about bread.

"Now, we always have bread at dinner," thought Gracie. "Mamma has forgotten it. I will buy it with my own money."

Gracie had 10 cents that she had saved to buy a doll's hat, and without telling any one what she meant to do, bought a loaf of bread and carried it to Vine street, where Mr. Jones lived. She was not quite sure of the house, but she knocked at the door of the poorest looking one, and a girl of her own age came to the door.

"I've brought you some bread," said Gracie, shyly. "My mamma sent the turkey and other things for your sick papa, but she forgot the bread, and I have brought it. Oh, thank you ever so much," said the little girl; "I haven't any mamma or father, and grandpa has been too sick to get anything for tomorrow, but she will like this nice bread."

"Does Mr. Jones live here?" asked Gracie. "No; he lives on the corner. Oh, if this bread was for him, we must not take it," and she handed it back to Gracie.

"Yes, you must keep it," said Gracie; "I bought it with my own money, and Mr. Jones has all the other things, you know."

When Gracie told her mother what she had done, Mrs. Miller went out again with a little basket full of good things for the little girl and her grandmother.

Gracie enjoyed her Thanksgiving doubly when she thought of the poor families on Vine street.

### A Bear in a Bar.

There was great excitement at the farm of Mr. Gower Price, in Northumberland county, New Brunswick, one fine March morning; for, while pitching down hay to the hungry cattle Mr. Price had made a discovery the like of which had certainly never been known in the country since before. The mow was a big one, and the part he attacked that morning had not previously been disturbed, and there, right in the heart of the hay, curled up as snugly as possible, and sleeping the sleep begun at the beginning of the winter, lay a fine black bear.

To say that the worthy farmer was surprised would hardly do justice to his feelings. To the finding of rats and mice in his mows he was quite accustomed, and he knew how to deal with such unbidden guests. But a bear presented an altogether different problem, and not feeling equal to solving it unaided, he called in the assistance of his neighbors. The news of the wonder quickly spread, and soon the spacious barn was filled with eager visitors, who very gingerly approached the mow, and took a peep at this novel "sleeping beauty." Then, of course, they proceeded to advise Mr. Price.

Some said, "shoot him before he wakes up;" others, of a more adventurous spirit, cried: "No; that's not sport. Set the dogs on him, and let us have some fun." But a shrewd old hunter, who knew the value of a live bear in the market, gave better counsel still. "He won't wake up for another fortnight," he said, "and before then I'll come over and tie him up with ropes, so that he can't hurt himself or any one else. Then we'll put him in a cage, and when he's in condition again he'll sell for a good sum."

And this was what Mr. Price said. When "Brer Bar," as Uncle Remus would call him, awoke out of his long nap, it was to find himself bound beyond all possibility of breaking free, and a couple of months later, looking his very best, after being well fed and cared for, he was taken to the city, and thence dispatched to the United States, where, perhaps, at this moment he is one of the chief attractions of some menagerie.

"Papa," asked Johnny, "do you believe there is a real, sure enough devil?"

"I don't know, Johnny," said Mr. Billus. "I hope not. By the way, Maria," he continued, turning to Mrs. Billus, "when your cousin Phoebe comes to visit us this fall is she going to bring that boy of hers along?"

—Chicago Tribune.



"Far better," cried Rita, "that my children should be without a father."

It occurred to her that she would try it. If she had chanced to come upon a tiny, pretty, rare monkey, or toy ferret, or an unheard of kind of parrot or cockatoo she would have tried the experiment of buying it, and Piccino, with his dirty, beautiful little face and his half inch eyelashes, did not seem much more serious to her. He would cost more money, of course, as she would have to provide for him in some way after he had grown too big to amuse her, but she had plenty of money, and she need not trouble herself about him. She need not see him if she did not wish to after she had sent him to school, or to be trained into some superior kind of servant. Lady Alleen was not a person whose conscience disturbed her, and caused her to feel responsibilities. And so, after the party had been to explore Cerali and the things that otherwise interested them, she asked Mr. Gordon to go with her to the poor little tumble-down house which Maria had pointed out to her as the home of Piccino. Maria had, in fact, had a rich harvest. Everybody had returned full of good things, and Piccino's small pocket was rich with sold. "I am going to carry out your suggestion," Lady Alleen said to Mr. Gordon, as they walked down the road.

"What was it?" Mr. Gordon asked.

"That I should buy the child."

"Indeed," said Mr. Gordon. "You find you can always buy what you have a fancy for?"

"Nearly always," said Lady Alleen, knitting her handsome white forehead a little. "I have no doubt that I can buy this thing I have a fancy for."

It chanced that she came exactly at the right moment. As they approached the house they heard even louder cries and lamentations and railings than Piccino had heard in the morning.

It appeared that old Beppo had repented his leniency, and had come back for the donkey. He would not let it stay another night. He wanted to work it himself. He had brought his piece of rope and had fastened it to the pretty gray head already, while Piccino's mother, Rita, wept and gesticulated and poured forth maledictions. The neighbors had come back to sympathize with her, and find out what would happen, and the children had begun to cry and Annibale to swear, so that there was such a noise filling the air that if Lady Alleen had not been a cool and determined person she might have been alarmed.

But she was not. She did not wait for Mr. Gordon to command order, but walked straight into the midst of the altercation.

"What is the matter?" she demanded in Italian. "What is all this noise about?"

Then, after their first start of surprise



## SCHOOL TALK.

Last Friday afternoon closed the first month of the school year. On Monday the children will receive their report cards showing the degree of progress they have made during the month. These report cards will be signed by the parents of the children, in accordance with the rules prescribed by the board of education, and returned the following day. They not only show the pupil's proficiency in scholarship, but also his or her deportment and punctuality in attending school. In this way the parents of the children are able to see exactly what their boys and girls are doing, and if they are not satisfied with their report they have the privilege of co-operating with the teachers and of correcting the deficiency, as far as possible, by home instruction.

The lack of co-operation on the part of parents in this respect is one of the greatest difficulties with which the school has to contend. The average mother, when she starts her boy or girl off to school, thinks she is relieved of all responsibility and takes no pains to impress upon them the importance of study, leaving it all for the teacher to do. With fifty or sixty pupils under her charge it is simply impossible for any teacher to give a parent's attention to each child; and, in order to reap the full benefit of the public school system it is necessary for each parent to give to the teacher a hearty support and co-operation. An amusing contradiction frequently arises: If a child falls under the teacher's disapprobation and the switch is called into exercise the parent of the child is more than apt to run to the board of education with a long story of brutal treatment and savage hostility towards her boy; and yet, if the pupil makes no headway in his class, because of an utter lack of home instruction, the teacher is blamed for the deficiency and must shoulder the burden of the parent's guilt and shortcomings.

The methods of grading a pupil's stand in the class differ in the several schools and colleges throughout the country. In many schools the letters of the alphabet are used to designate the child's standing, the first letter denoting the highest grade of excellence. In other schools the scale of marking ranges from 1 to 10. At the University of Georgia each student is marked according to the usual scale, but he never knows his exact percentage or relative class standing until the close of the year. He can only approximate it by the monthly reports which are sent to his parents, and these are frequently vague and indefinite. For example, if his grading is between 90 and 100, his mark on the monthly report is excellent; if between 75 and 90, good; if between 50 and 75, fair; and if under 50, moderate. In other schools and colleges, where the exact standing of the pupil is not given, semi-annual reports approximating the student's class stand are issued to the parents. The best system is the one adopted in the public schools of giving the exact percentage each month. The system is rendered still more efficient by reason of the fact that written examinations are held one month and oral examinations the next month. It frequently happens that a child who is thorough in the oral recitation of a lesson falls behind when it comes to a written examination, and others write much better than they can recite orally; so, putting the two together the system is absolutely fair and as nearly perfect as any system can be which undertakes to grade the mental progress of a child.

Miss Fannie Turner, one of the pupils in the Williams street school, writes the following communication:

"I think Williams street school is the best in the city. Its corps of teachers is unsurpassed. New desks are being put into the different rooms and these will improve the condition of the school very much. We now have a piano by which the children march in and out of school at recess. Several of the scholars, under the leadership of one of the teachers, are forming a literary society which we hope will prove a very interesting feature of the school. The pupils enjoy many pleasures at recess, as the yard is ample for out-door games, and the large basement gives plenty of room for in-door amusements."

The pupils of Calhoun street school contend that no other school in the city is equal to Calhoun. As a matter of fact, the school is one of the very best in Atlanta and the pupils belong to the best families in the city; but when it comes to a final test it is found that good boys and girls attend each of the schools and that bad ones are found in all of them. Fraser street school last year made the best record of any school in the city for attendance and punctuality.

The pupils of the Boulevard school will be again demoralized next month when Barnum & Bailey's circus pitches its big tent across the field in plain, open view of the school building. On account of the reputation of the circus and the vast extent of its zoological attractions the schools of the city will be largely emptied of their pupils and the Boulevard school in particular will be deserted on that day.

The present school session closes on the Friday afternoon immediately preceding Christmas holidays. The only holiday before that time will be on Thanksgiving day, at which time the traditional turkey will be carved.

### CHILDREN IN THE CHAINGANG.

#### An Effort Is Being Made to Start a Reformatory School.

The jail or the chaingang is no place for a boy, however willfully he may have disobeyed the law of the land.

Instead of making him a better boy it only surrounds him with a hurtful influence and tends to make him a deeper-dyed criminal. There should be a tenderness about the law to soften its severity, and its mission should not only be to punish but to redeem.

To this end a movement is now on foot to establish a reformatory school in Atlanta. It proposes to put a stop to this indiscriminate way of sending children to the chaingang or putting them to work on the public road, by the side of a burly negro or chain-

ed, as it frequently happens, to the limbs of a hardened and confirmed criminal. There is no sight in the world that is more revolting than such a spectacle and the duty of humane and Christian lawmakers is to establish a reformatory prison and rescue these brands from the burning before they are lost forever among the ashes and charred remains of the conflagration.

A reformatory school not only punishes a boy for doing wrong, but it teaches him to do right. It takes him out of the foul and contaminating atmosphere of crime and surrounds him with good, pure influences. In this way it saves the state a vast amount of money, for hundreds of dollars are spent daily in the trial of criminals and lawbreakers; and not only this, but it gives to the state the example of a high-toned and useful citizen and thus pays back into its treasury an equivalent for every dollar expended.

A strong effort is being made by the good people of Atlanta to establish a school of this kind, either in this city or at some other place in Georgia. It makes no special difference where the school is located, for the site is unimportant when referred to the urgent and clearly demonstrated need of such an institution. The matter will come, in its proper form, before the next session of the legislature and the subject in all its bearings will be fully treated by that body.

The need of such a school grows out of the fact that many boys have no mothers to look after them, or that poverty forces them out too early into the scrambles and pitfalls of the world. In other cases the cause is found in the frightful neglect of children by parents in their home training.

#### NEARLY EVERY SEAT TAKEN.

##### The Public Schools of the City Are Rapidly Filling Up.

Nearly every seat in the public schools of the city is now occupied and by Christmas there will not be a single vacancy.

At Walker street school there are 712 pupils seated. This is the largest school in the city. At the Girls' High school 473 pupils are enrolled.

The total number of pupils attending the public schools, including both white and colored, is 8,681. In addition to these there are 1,109 applicants who have not yet been seated.

The following table, submitted by Superintendent W. F. Slaton to the last meeting of the board of education, contains a number of figures that will be of interest to both parents and children:

Schools.	No. Seats in School.	No. Pupils Seated.
Boys' High school.....	227	173
Girls' High school.....	450	371
Ivy.....	450	443
Crowley.....	450	390
Walker.....	826	712
Marietta.....	450	368
Fair.....	450	431
Calhoun.....	450	390
Ira.....	289	244
Davis.....	450	395
Boulevard.....	440	357
State.....	400	334
Fraser.....	490	410
Edgewood.....	402	374
Formwalt.....	343	312
Williams.....	450	315
West End.....	110	108
Night school.....	7,623	6,716
Total white.....	453	437
Summer Hill.....	450	431
Houston.....	442	438
Mitchell.....	444	449
Gray.....	211	213
Roach.....	2,000	1,965
Total colored.....	9,623	8,681

The plans of the Boys' High school building, recently selected by the building committee, have been approved by the board of education. The erection of the school, however, will be deferred for several weeks on account of the scarcity of funds in the treasury.

The lot on which the school will be erected is on the corner of Gilmer and Ivy streets, not far from the present location. It is centrally situated and is easily reached from all points of the city. The building of the school will not be postponed longer than the 1st of next May.

#### FOR THE CHILDREN'S WARD.

##### Mrs. Black Is Trying to Get the Public Schools Interested.

Nearly every child in the city knows that an effort is being made to establish a children's ward in connection with the Grady hospital.

In this ward the children of the city, and especially those of poor parents, may be carried in the event of sickness and treated by the skillful doctors who are daily in attendance at the hospital. This ward is very greatly needed and the ladies are making an earnest effort to raise enough money to put their plans into operation.

Mrs. Nellie P. Black, a member of the ladies' board, who has always taken a deep interest in the welfare of poor children, is one of the moving spirits in the enterprise. Mrs. Black desires to get the children of the public schools interested in the movement and to this end she applied to the board of education last Thursday evening for permission to visit the schools of the city.

She explained in her communication to the board that since the proposed addition to the hospital was to be a children's ward, she desired the assistance and co-operation of all the public school children in Atlanta. The desired permission was very readily granted by the board of education.

Mrs. Black will lose no time in bringing the matter before the children.

The name of every child who contributes to the fund will be lettered in gold and placed on a large tablet in the children's ward.

No man was more devoted to little children than Mr. Grady. His love for them was stronger than a mere fancy. It was a passion. He loved to be in their company and could always keep them laughing. The addition of this ward to the Grady hospital will be a fitting tribute to the memory of the great and good man in whose honor the institution is named.

#### High School Notes.

On last Wednesday immediately after dismissal of school, all pupils interested in football repaired to Professor Slaton's room, where a meeting was held for the purpose

of deciding whether the school should put out a team, and if so, to elect a manager.

On motion, Professor Charles W. Ottley took the floor. He made a few remarks for and against a team and the question was put to a vote. It was unanimously decided to organize a team. Professor Ottley was chosen manager, but as he is going to coach and train the team, he appointed Walter C. Barnwell as his assistant, who will manage under his instructions. Another meeting will be held soon and colors chosen. Last year's colors were black and gold. A pretty and attractive color for this year would be crimson and white.

Trials for team positions may occur next week. There is good material in the high school, and the team promises to be a rattling good one.

Mention has frequently been made of the attendance of the senior class. Three one-hundredths out of a possible four for the first month! Only two absences during the month! The average will be about 99.9 per week.

Friday lunches continue to be given at the Young Men's Christian Association by the Boys' High School branch. Much spiritual and physical good is being done by the association.

There are many applicants for seats in the Boys' High school. A new member will enter the senior class on Monday. Several have entered the lower grades.

The boys of the third grade have become disgusted with the freshmen. They will never venture from their domains. The seniors now console themselves by playing hand ball.

Order at the Boys' High school is very near perfect. Professor W. M. Slaton rules kindly and gently—yet he is firm. The boys generally regard him as a friend, and he does everything in his power for their comfort, welfare and advancement.

#### WALTER C. BARNWELL.

##### The Greatest Show on Earth.

There have been many so-called "greatest shows on earth," but I am sure you will all admit that none of them were anywhere near so strange and remarkable as the show I shall tell you about. Not long ago, Alice, the big, handsome mother lion at the New York zoo, was very happy because there were three little yellow cubs rolling about upon the floor of her cage. Alice washed their faces every morning, played with them all day long, and growled fiercely if any one came near.

She was constantly in fear that the keepers were about to take away her cubs and one day she killed two of them rather than have them stolen from her. The keepers had



"Boo, hoo! boo hoo! Don't you remember your baby Billy, Mother?"

not intended to take them, but when they saw what she had done, they quickly drew the third cub from the cage and saved its life. This cub was at once given to Daisy, a very gentle, motherly dog. Daisy was such a kind-hearted dog that she could not even look at you without nearly wagging her tail off.

She had four puppies so round, and sleepy and fat that they could hardly waddle and fell down and bumped their cold little noses every time they tried to walk. Daisy was very proud of them and one morning she nearly wagged her tail into a bowknot she was so surprised and happy to find five puppies instead of four cuddled up beside her.

The new puppy was big and yellow and looked like a large kitten, but as you have already guessed, it was not a puppy at all. It was the little cub lion. The mother dog did not know this, but if she had known, she would not have cared. She simply gave the cub a kiss on the nose and said:

"Hello, doggie! who are you?"

And when the cub replied that it did not know its name and did not know anything else, in fact, except that it was very hungry, the mother dog said:

"Come on then, doggie. There is always room for one more. You may be my baby, too." With these words she hugged the cub to her and cuddled between two of the fat puppies at her side and from that day the mother dog loved it as much as she did her own children.

One after another the puppies were taken away from their mother until finally the cub lion was the only child she had left. They were a funny looking pair, for the cub was larger than its dog mother, and had a big head covered with a long, bushy, yellow pompadour. They had great fun together, however, and the dog nearly cried her eyes out one day when a man picked the cub up by the back of the neck and carried it away.

For days afterward the lonely dog wandered about the zoo looking for the cub, but the cages were so high she could not look into them all, and she finally abandoned the search in despair. Her master was not good to her, and frequently whipped her, and she was very unhappy. One day when the cruel man was beating her, she ran into the lion house. The man pursued her, struck her again with a strap and was about to continue punishing her when a great lion roared with rage at the cruel sight, broke one of the bars of his cage

and leaped at the man, who ran for dear life, leaving his coatails between the lion's paws. Daisy expected to be eaten at once, but to her surprise the big lion began to weep.

"Boo hoo! boo hoo! Don't you remember your baby Billy, mother?" It roared, wiping the tears from its eyes with a coattail. "Bow! wow! Is it you, dear Billy?" barked Daisy, joyfully. It seemed incredible that the cub had become such a great pompadour-haired lion, but such was the case, and the little mother dog and the big baby lion were soon hugging one another with joy.

"We must run away at once," said the lion, "or that man may come back after his coatails and then I shall be obliged to eat him, although I do not wish to at all, because he looks lean and tough and full of bones. Come with me. I'm going away off to the African jungles my real mother came from, and we will travel so far that we can come back and tell bigger stories about the insides of Africa than Mr. Stanley."

"I've thought of the greatest scheme, and you may be my partner. You know how millions of people here visit the zoo and circuses to see the lions and elephants and bears? Well, there are millions of elephants and lions and other animals in Africa that have never seen men and women, and that would give just as much to see a rare collection of them in cages as people here now give to see animals."

"Just think how crazy a herd of elephants would be if they could see a real Chinaman, or a white man, or a negro in a cage and buy a pint of fresh roasted peanuts and a glass of pink lemonade for 10 cents! Why, every one of them would break open his savings bank and buy peanuts and lemonade until there would not be a two-cent piece left in the whole herd, unless there was a hole in it."

"Just think, too, how a lion's mouth would water if he could see a nice, fat Jersey cow or a round fat white man in a cage! There's a fortune in it. We'll organize the greatest show on earth at Cape Town, Africa, and then go inland. Come on, I've a pocketful of money. A naughty monkey stole it the other day, and I made him give it to me. I never could find the owner, and here it is."

Daisy was as delighted with the circus idea as Billy and they ran out of the lion house, concealed themselves in the hold of a steamer and soon landed in Africa. They bought several dozen cages at Cape Town, hired a Chinaman with a pigtail six feet long, an Italian with gold rings in his ears, a fat white lady who weighed 500 pounds, a thin white man who had been the "living skeleton" in a Bowery, New York, museum, a negro as black as coal, a bow-legged Turk and a dozen more of the strangest looking people they could find. Cages, after cage was filled with all the curious people they could discover in Cape Town.

Then, after buying tons of peanuts, gum and stick candy and hogsheds of pink lemonade, they hired a band and started for the jungles. The lion employed other lions to advertise the circus everywhere, and it was not long before nearly all the animals in Africa were singing:

"The Chinaman marches round,  
And the band begins to play,  
And the elephant under the fat woman's cage  
Had better get out of the way."

The circus was a howling success from the very first. Lions, tigers, bears, elephants, hippopotami, deer, wolves, jackals, hyenas—all the animals and birds in Africa in lion-trooped or swam or flew to the circus, poked the fat woman with their canes, pulled the Chinaman's pig tail, fed the living skeleton, cracked peanuts by the quart and poured pink lemonade down their throats by the pailful. The dog and the lion are now both wearing diamonds on their paws as big as crab apples, and almost any day you may see posted on the trees in the African jungles such a bill as this:

#### DOG & LION'S GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH! WAIT FOR IT.

Adult animals 50 cents, children under ten years of age 25 cents. Baby elephants in arms positively not admitted.  
Earle H. Eaton.

#### An Old Friendship.

The following interesting story of the friendship of a robin and a cuckoo is told by The London Spectator:

"For very many years successive generations of a family of robins in our garden have been in the habit of coming to the pantry window for food throughout the year. There is always one bird, perhaps the parent pro tem., which is specially tame. About a fortnight ago a young cuckoo, nearly full grown and previously unseen and unnoticed, flew against a window and was picked up slightly stunned, but otherwise uninjured. Having apparently quite recovered in a day or two, it was set at liberty, but has since remained in and about the garden. Today it perched on a rose tree close to the house while the robin to which I have referred flew to and fro, carrying bits of bread with which it fed the cuckoo in the most amusing way. The robin appeared to be enjoying a game of play, sometimes bringing food but frequently pretending to do so and flying off as though highly amused and delighted at the cuckoo's evident disappointment."

"All the time the cuckoo showed every sign of interest and excitement, watching the robin's movements with intense eagerness; whenever the robin approached the window where the food stood the cuckoo would throw back its head and open an expectant beak almost wide enough to swallow the robin itself, into which occasionally as aforesaid the latter would pop a morsel in the nearest and daintiest way imaginable. The cuckoo is not crippled in the least and flies off swiftly at sight or sound of an intruder, returning at intervals with or without the robin. The cuckoo may possibly have been hatched in the robin's nest, but I prefer to indulge in the belief that it hurt its beak or was to some extent invalidated by the accident referred to, and so enlisted the sympathy and active support of its intelligent little friend, the robin."



## THE CONSTITUTION, JR.

PUBLISHED EVERY SUNDAY.

FOR THE INSTRUCTION AND AMUSEMENT OF THE YOUNG READERS OF THE CONSTITUTION.

Sent Free, as a Supplement, to the Readers of the Daily Constitution.

All Letters and Communications Intended for this Issue Must be Addressed to The Constitution, Jr.

ATLANTA, GA., September 30, 1894.

## The Prize Contest.

The contest for the prize of \$5 offered for the best suggestion for the contest for the watch that The Junior will offer, closed last night. Owing to the many suggestions which came in it was impossible to read them all and decide the winner in time to announce in The Junior of this week. The announcement will, therefore, be made in The Junior next Sunday, and with it will be given all the rules governing the contest, the time at which it will close and so forth.

There are a multitude of suggestions in, some good, some bad, and some indifferent. A hasty glance through the pile of letters shows how much interest the readers of The Junior are taking in the matter, and all those who do not win the \$5 prize can content themselves by trying for the watch. The contest will be one in which all the boys and girls can compete, and one which will interest every boy and girl who reads The Junior.

## SOPHY'S CREMATION.

I know children like to read true stories, and I have one to tell you that really did happen.

Helen B— was a little girl just six years old and lived away down in middle Georgia. She had everything to make a little girl happy—a kind father, a loving mother and the dearest little baby brother in the world. Santa Claus had been very kind and had brought her many pretty toys and dolls.

When she was just one year old her aunt gave her, as a birthday present, a "mammy" doll; it was made of brown cloth and had black woolly hair, over which was tied a white handkerchief, just like the one Helen's own old black mammy wore. It had on a long, white apron, too, and looked as much like a mammy as a doll could. You will think it strange that with all her pretty dolls—a fine French doll with long flaxen curls and beautiful blue eyes, dolls with blue heads, dolls with china heads and many others with no heads at all—that this little girl should love best of all her old Sophy, but so she did and never a night would she go to sleep without Sophy in her arms.

On one occasion, when bed time came, old Sophy could not be found and Helen had to go to bed without her. After awhile her mother heard her sobbing in her little bed and went to see what was the matter. When the little girl burst out crying and said: "Oh, mother, I cannot go to sleep without Sophy." A thorough search was made and when the doll was found the dear little child hugged it to her bosom and in two minutes was fast asleep.

Every Christmas the old doll took on a new skin until Helen's mother said she could be peeled like an onion. Just about this time her appearance was anything but bewitching. Helen had kissed her until her nose had entirely disappeared and the cotton stuffing was bursting out in various places, which gave her a rather queer figure, and altogether everybody but Helen thought she was the ugliest doll that human ingenuity had ever devised.

Now comes the sad part of my story which tells of Sophy's tragic death. Helen's dear mother was an invalid and one morning she was lying on a lounge in her room trying to have a little rest after a sleepless night. Grandmother was in the kitchen making a cake and Helen, as little girls will do sometimes, kept getting in the old lady's way, until at last Tom, the man servant, said: "Helen, I'm going to put you out of the way," and lifting her in his arms he took her to the nursery and shut the door on her. Just then such a shriek resounded through the house as had never been heard there before. The poor sick mother was awakened from her sleep in great fright and all the household came running in to see what could be the matter. Helen rushed to her mother crying, "Oh, mother, Sophy is on fire!" and sure enough, there was the poor old doll sitting bolt upright with her back against the grate and the flames curling high above her head.

How Sophy came to be in this dangerous position, unless the little baby brother had thrown her there, nobody could ever guess, for she was not like some little girls I know who are so naughty as to play in the fire when their mothers are out of the room.

Poor little Helen was heart-broken at the loss of her favorite doll, and it was a long time before she could be comforted. At last her mother consoled her by telling her she could have a grand funeral and plant flowers on Sophy's grave, a privilege which seemed to compensate Helen for her loss. But alas! when she went to prepare Sophy's body for the funeral she found literally nothing but the ashes of her beloved old doll remaining.

The grandmother was a very practical old lady, and instead of rescuing Sophy from the flames, had ordered her half-cremated body to be thrown into the grate, so as not to fill the house with the odor of burning cotton. Every one around had an inkling that grandmother was only too glad to be rid of her. Thus Sophy was cremated and little Helen could not even have the pleasure of a doll's funeral.

—FRANCIS CLAYTON.

## A BOYS' FREE LIBRARY.

One of the Very Finest Institutions in the Country.

New York, September 14.—What a novel idea that is! A library devoted exclusively to boys! "Now," remarks a lad, "that's what I have often wished for. If I could get the kind of books I like, then you wouldn't see me loafing 'round the corners."

As a rule, the city boy will have a better knowledge of current events than the boy brought up in the country. But the latter having fewer things to direct his mind, will employ his leisure time in reading and thus acquire the better general knowledge. Free libraries have served a good purpose by giving all classes an opportunity for coming in contact with the best literature.

A short time ago the writer visited one of the libraries in New York city. Although it is called a library, it is rather a club in which the books are the main feature. This library is supported by a large nonsectarian society, and is free to any boy in the city. All that is necessary to join it, is to have a letter of recommendation from parents or employer. Then the boy receives a card which entitles him to all the privileges of the library, which are by no means confined to taking out books. There are two large, airy and well-lighted rooms in use, open from 7 o'clock p. m. to 9:30 o'clock p. m. One is used by two societies for their meetings. These societies are composed of older and younger boys. Each holds one meeting a week, and the session is carried on in parliamentary style, the time being devoted to debates, essays and discussion of current topics. It is true there are some exceedingly fresh and unique views expressed oftentimes but the mere act of expressing them is a good training.

The other room contains the books, reading desks, with current periodicals, together with a dozen or more tables for playing games. Every boy who desires to "get out a game," receives a check from the doorkeeper, which he presents to the boy who keeps the games, and if it is not in use, he can use it as long as he wants to.

The scene presented here with a hundred boys engaged in reading, drawing, playing games with an occasional disagreement ending in an energetic set-to, is at least, not monotonous. It might be mentioned that no cards or dice are allowed, and if any boy is caught gambling, he is immediately dismissed. Among the favorite are chess, checkers, dominoes, crochete and jack straw. While the superintendent was explaining various points to me, there was a loud yell in the far corner, where a number were engaged in playing the latter game, followed by a lively melee, out of which there finally emerged a boy considerably hors de combat who protested that "they were hittin' him." The superintendent repaired to the scene of the conflict, and with great tact picked out the disturbing character and escorted him to the door. "You will stay out one week," he said on leaving him.

"That," he remarked to me, "is the greatest punishment I can inflict on them. It is rarely that they offend twice. In ten years we only expelled one boy permanently."

The great majority of the boys belong to the working class. But there is a generous sprinkling of the very lowest element and an occasional habitue, whose dress indicates him as one of the better class. But they are all treated alike here. It is interesting to notice what books are in the greatest demand. The record shows that Knox's series of "Boy Travelers" are in use twice as much as any other books. "Yes," said the superintendent, "they are illustrated, but it is not that which draws them. They seem to be interested in all accounts of travel, if they are written in an attractive manner." Next to these in popular favor come the books of Optic and Castleman. The "Rough and Ready" series is always in demand, and the volume which describes "Rough and Ready" as a bootblack, is so bethumbed that one can scarcely make out the print. History they do not seem passionately fond of; yet Thayer's history of the rebellion is generally in use. Dickens's works are very popular, especially "Oliver Twist," "Old Curiosity Shop" and "David Copperfield." Last December 5,514 volumes were taken out and the highest number taken in one night of that month was 463.

Saturday night is looked forward by every boy as the acme of pleasure. On this night there is always some special entertainment, either a stereopticon lecture, a musicale or an instructive talk on travel, astronomy, chemistry or some other science. These are made so entertaining that no boy will willingly miss them. There is also a savings bank connected with the library, and almost every boy has some money to his credit. The total result of such an institution can readily be surmised. Hundreds of boys are recovered from a life of idleness and crime and equipped with an education which they would have gotten in no other way. Dozens of such cases are recorded. Four years ago a boy was found near the East river, who, being homeless, friendless and penniless, was on the point of committing suicide. He was given the position of janitor at the library. He applied himself diligently, learning to read and making good use of this knowledge. Later on he took a course in a business school and today is cashier in one of the largest banks in New York city. If any one, who is philanthropically inclined, desires to do something for the betterment of humanity, there is probably no way in which he can better employ his means than by establishing a boys' free library.

L. Sangree.

## Reads at Two Years.

The Westminster Gazette tells about an infant prodigy, the two-year-old son of a butcher at Brunswick, England, who can read with perfect ease anything printed in Roman or German characters. A few weeks ago three physicians of Brunswick had the child before them at the house of one of the gentlemen. The first thing the little one did when brought into the consulting room was to stand on his toes at the table, reading out from the books that were lying about. All that could be ascertained as to why and wherefore of this uncanny accom-

plishment is that when the baby was eighteen months old and his grandmother took him out he always immediately caught sight of the inscriptions over shops and asked about them as only a small child can ask till he had fathomed the meaning of the letters. It was the same at home; books and newspapers had greater fascinations than lollipops and toys, and whatever the parents playfully told him he remembered, with the result that at the age of two years he reads with perfect ease. Apart from his accomplishment in reading the boy's development is only normal.

## OWNING DOGS.

## How to Raise a Healthy, Happy Puppy.

Hamerton says, "I thank Divine Providence for having invented dogs, and I regard that man with wondering pity who can lead a dogless life."

There are two sides to owning a dog. The dog's duty to his mistress, and the mistress's duty to her dog. The dog's part is, with few exceptions, faithfully, generously, nobly done.

But the other side is very different. Carelessness and cruelty are common, and even among people who really love their dogs there is neglect of many things, simple in themselves, that is the cause of much needless suffering, and a great deal of cruel kindness.

If you don't care enough about a dog to take a little trouble for him, don't keep one.

If you do, then get as good a one as you can afford. And get him young. To be sure it saves trouble to buy a full grown dog, but he will not be likely, at least for some time, to care for you as much as one you have trained yourself.

Get the kind of dog that suits your condition in life.

Don't shut a St. Bernard or a greyhound or a wild Irish setter in a little city plot; don't take up with a silly pug if you can have a clever terrier.

I say buy the best you can afford. Do not believe people who talk of the superior intelligence of mongrels. There are good mongrels, sometimes, but in choosing a dog for better, for worse, it is well to get one who is a pleasure and a pride. He may have the beautiful ugliness of the bull dog, or the elegant beauty of the setter, perhaps on the whole there is no dog so beautiful as a good setter, or the wiry grace of the terrier, but he must be good of his kind.

Suppose, then, that you get a pup about two months old. You will probably have to nurse him through distemper, but he will love you all the better for that.

1. Food—About this opinions are as various as the people who hold them. One dog man gives his dog milk and another regards milk as rank poison. One swears by dog biscuit and another considers them trash, but the fact remains that many a delicate dog keeps well on biscuit, who cannot eat ordinary food, and they are certainly very convenient.

If you give your puppy milk, always add to it a spoonful of lime water, and put lime water into all the water that he drinks. You will soon learn that worms are the great curse of puppy existence. If you can keep your pup clear of worms he will have a good chance for his life, but let them once get hold of him and hard and doubtful will be the struggle. Lime water in his food is a great preventive.

A pup must be fed often, certainly three times a day; must not be allowed to over eat himself, and should be watched to see if his food suits him.

He must eat no candy, another dog curse, nor sweets of any kind, nor fats. He may have a big bone with next to nothing on it, to amuse himself and cut his teeth on, but no small bones that he can chew up and swallow. He may have a saucer of bread and milk. His bread should be soaked in water and squeezed dry. This removes the yeast, which is injurious. He should have no meat at present, but he can have a little soup or gravy on his bread, and dog biscuit.

Food can be prepared in this way: Get a sheep's liver and boil till tender; take it out and add to the broth enough Indian meal, Italian polenta is best (some use oat meal or graham); boil until thoroughly done, chop the liver fine and stir in. When cold it should be quite stiff. Vegetables, beets or onions may be added.

Avoid fat like the plague, and veal is very bad. Dogs, like people, have peculiarities and cannot all be treated alike. A slice of meat that will make no impression on one will cause another to have fits. And then again food depends very largely on the amount of exercise taken.

We must always have fresh, clean water at hand.

A place to live. This also is largely an individual matter. The happiest and healthiest pups are not reared in satin-lined baskets in hot rooms. Neither are they subjected to cold and exposure. One extreme is as bad as the other. A little King Charles needs more warmth than a little setter. That's true, but if the little setter stays out in a freezing cold kennel his growth will be checked, and he will not be the dog he might have been.

My dog's kennel was a wooden box open at one side, but with a board about six inches wide nailed across at the bottom; plenty of soft hay inside and a piece of carpet hanging from the top like a curtain. In that he was warm and cozy on the coldest night, in a room without a fire.

If you keep your dog in a kennel out of doors you must see that in summer it stands in the shade, and in cold and damp weather there should always be plenty of hay inside. A bed of old rags or carpet is no use—the poor dog can only lie shivering on top of it. A kennel should always be raised from the ground by pieces of scantling nailed to the bottom, otherwise it will be damp. It should have a piece of carpet nailed so as to hang over the door in cold weather to keep out rain and snow. Many a dog suffers tortures from rheumatism and kennel lameness that these simple things—hay, a bit of board and a scrap of old carpet would have kept in health and happiness. It is hard to be so dependent upon selfish people, sleeping comfortably in their warm beds while the poor old dog shivers in his cold kennel, the rain and snow beating in upon him.

Ellen Oakford.

## ROMANTIC BOYHOODS.

## Bonnie Prince Charley.

This was the name given to Charles II of England, third of the Stuart kings, who reigned over England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales.

The eldest son of an English king is always christened and called the prince of Wales, as the present successor to Queen Victoria is now known. But so full of frolic, so light-hearted and so good looking was this young prince that he was everywhere known as "Bonnie Prince Charley." Troubles came early in life to the young prince—the kingdom was in a turmoil over church troubles, and, as Charley's mother was a French Catholic, she was exiled into Paris, where she lived with her young nephew, Louis XIV.

The prince himself was put into the care of a man in the country and grew up with his brothers in the full enjoyment of country life. None of the usual court restrictions were about him. He learned to swim and shoot and hunt like any English squire's son, and his rough life stood him in good stead in later days, when he needed all his muscles to help him.

But the mother, who was called Queen Henrietta, was pining to see him in Paris, and he was sent there to her. He was then about fourteen, and the glitter and polish of the French court dazzled him. He was not used to all this elegance and ceremony, where the little king, who was afterwards to be called "the grand monarch," was beginning to practice all his etiquette and extravagance. Charley was used to plain clothes, that he might play tennis or race through the forests, to eat with the huntsmen and help cook the food, but here in the French court he had to wear velvet and satin, big hats and waving plumes, silk stockings and gold buckles. He liked it all until he heard that his father, Charles I, had been beheaded at the Tower in London—then he knew that he—Bonnie Prince Charley—was no longer a little exiled lad, but the king of four countries—greater than his young host and cousin, the king of France.

But how could he proclaim himself king? The country was in the hands of Oliver Cromwell, who represented the Calvinistic church, a man who insisted that there was "no divine right of kings," and that the country should be governed by two parliaments—just as it is today. Charley had no money to raise armies; his cousin could not help him, for that would put the two countries at war, and when men are kings they have to remember their country first of all. The only relief was to go to Scotland by way of Holland, so the English couldn't catch him, and beg the men who were true to the Stuarts to follow him from their country into England. The Scots did this willingly, and Prince Charley passed Cromwell, who was in Scotland, and worked his way into the heart of England. Many of the nobility there were loyal to their king and joined his army. But Cromwell came down upon him with hundreds of men at a little town called Worcester. Here he routed and killed nearly all of Charley's men, and the young fellow had to take refuge at a house near by. In this house there were many secret places, where they hid him at night, but when Cromwell's soldiers were looking for him in the day Prince Charley had to lie down in the fields in a dirty suit of clothes, with his face all stained, so they wouldn't know him, for these soldiers knew all the secret closets in the house, and had been there in the daytime they would have captured and beheaded him. This house was called the "White Lady," because it used to be a nunnery where the nuns wore a white habit.

One morning he tried to escape from the country in the disguise of a peasant, and another young lad, Richard Penderill, went with him to show him the way. They came to a miller's first, and the miller cried out: "Who goes there?" "Neighbors," answered Richard. "Then, if ye are neighbors, stop," said the miller. But they knew that he was in league with Cromwell, so they ran as hard as they could. On through crooked lanes, falling over stones—for it was pitch dark—they flew, until they came to a stream. Richard couldn't swim, so Charley had to swim across with him thus saving them both. But the flight was of no good. The roads were guarded at every turn, and every one full of suspicion. The boys had to turn back, swim the stream, creep past the miller's and get back to "White Ladies."

The army was all about here, and the friends of the young king were distressed to know what to do. The first night he returned he had to hide in the boughs of an oak tree all night. One of his father's noblemen, who loved the handsome, bonnie young prince, sat there with him, holding him in his arms and keeping him from falling out, for he was very weak. This tree has been for years one of the sights of England. It is called the royal oak of Boscombe, and all of the poets have sung its fame.

Prince Charley at last escaped to France, disguised as a man servant to a lady who was traveling. He had to eat with the servants, and be on jolly good terms with the blacksmith and hostler for fear of being discovered. Ten years he was exiled in France, but at last his throne was given him. He was only a young man then. He married a Spanish princess, and was so good-natured and full of fun, even after all his troubles, that when people didn't use his old name they called him "the merry monarch."

Claire Claxton.

## A Boy Wanted.

A boy for office work; no whistler need apply; I've had as much of that thing as ever I mean to try. I've had my fill of "Comrades," and also, in its day, Have sunk beneath an onslaught of "Taraboom-de-aye." I've listened to the "Bow-ry" till I thought my head would split, To "Huckleberry Do"—and I've had enough of it. I've had a dose of "Bow-wow," of "Little Girls in Blue," "After the Ball," "The Cat Came Back" and "A Bicycle Built for Two;" And, as I say, I've had enough; and now whate'er the rage is, The boy round here who picks it up can whistle for his wages.



# WRESTLING.

In the first half of the present century, before football, rowing and boxing had come into vogue, wrestling was the most popular of all outdoor sports. Mr. Lincoln, in relating early reminiscences, took great delight in dwelling on this feature of his boyhood. He himself was a skillful wrestler, and frequently at sales, frolics and other gatherings of the countryside, bore off honors from the wrestling ring. In those days the champion wrestler was a considerable personage in the community. He was accorded special privileges and was pointed out to visitors as one of the "sights."

In England, when this merry sport was at its prime, the youth who won the belt at a mid-country fair wore it to church the next Sunday, and after services he was given the privilege of walking home with the prettiest girl in the parish. On the following Sunday he visited the neighboring parish and was accorded the same honor. Today we often hear some combative youth, rife for sport, cry out the old familiar challenge of "Come on, let's take holts!" but the rough and tumble struggle which did so much to strengthen the thighs and sinews of our fathers exists but in memory, or in the unwritten annals of pioneer days.

## A Great Greek Sport.

As a physical contest of strength and skill, wrestling antedates history. The struggle between Ajax, the impersonation of brute strength, and Ulysses, representing skill and cunning, is well described by Homer. After these heroes had wrestled for a long time with equal advantages, Ajax proposed that "either should lift the one bodily." At the same time he hoisted Ulysses off the ground. As he did so the latter threw his weight forward, and, striking his heel against the back of his opponent's knee, threw him heavily. The greatest wrestler of ancient times was Milo, of Croton. Six times he carried off prizes from the Olympic and Isthmian games. The way in which he gained his immense strength was rather singular. He began by carrying on his back, a certain distance, a young calf. Each time he increased the distance, and continued to do so until the calf had grown into a cow. The ancients wres-



The Hold.

tled with very brief apparel, and frequently oiled their bodies to prevent each other from getting a hold. We have many accounts of wrestling contests, both in history and in the current literature of the different periods.

One very celebrated bout was that one between Henry VIII and Francis I, when their respective armies met on the field of the Cloth of Gold for a three weeks' revel. So many different accounts of this memorable match have been handed down to us that it has come to be regarded by many as a myth. But, however conflicting the details are, the fact nevertheless is an evidence of the popularity of the sport, and goes to show to what extent it was fostered by all classes of people. In no country was it indulged in with such hearty enthusiasm as in England. Who has not read of the doings of Robin Hood and his merry band, and of the lusty bouts of quarterstaff and wrestling in the ballads of Good King Richard's time, without almost wishing for a return of such brave days? In fact, England still patronizes this manly sport, for only a short time ago we read of an English curate and his assistant attending a county fair, where the former carried away the belt from the wrestling ring, while the latter captured the running prize.

## America's Greatest Wrestler.

The greatest exponent of wrestling in America is William Muldoon, whose physical development, as nearly as possible, approaches the perfect. In speaking on his favorite theme, he said: "It is difficult for me to understand why such a glorious exercise should have fallen into disuse. I blame it very much on the parents, school teachers and gymnastic instructors. These people have got an exaggerated idea of the danger connected with wrestling, and have done all they could to discourage it. As a matter of fact, with a well sanded or padded floor the element of danger can hardly come into consideration. And then if every American boy is to be bantered and molly-coddled in this style, what sort of an imbecile will he be, and what kind of a race of men will there be 100 years from now if such manly sports as wrestling and boxing are outlawed? I say boxing, because the two go hand in hand. He is a very indifferent boxer who knows nothing about wrestling. As an exercise for boys it is in some ways unequalled. Nothing so thoroughly removes the stiffness of the joints and awkwardness of the limbs or makes the body so lithe and supple. Medical men highly endorse it as a lung developer and endurance test. Moreover, it has this to its credit, namely: That it contains all the essentials of an encounter with the spirit of antagonism and friendly rivalry, and yet is so much less provoking to the temper than boxing. Very few persons would attempt to gainsay the adage that 'science wins.' If they should, it is

an easy matter to prove it to them. Nowhere does science serve one better than in wrestling, especially if your opponent has the advantage of size. This being the case, every boy should have a fairly comprehensive knowledge of the art of wrestling, for the ability to put into execution some clever trip may at some time serve him a good purpose.

## Some of the Science.

In the first place, then, there are two ways of taking holds. In the one method the opponents stand chest to chest, each wrestler placing his chin on the other's



Half-Nelson.

shoulder and grasping his opponent round the body. His left arm above the latter's right, their bodies braced "like rafters of a well built roof." In the other it is "catch as catch can." Each opponent leans forward, stepping round warily, his eyes keenly watching every movement of the other, until one of them, seeing an opening, darts forward, when both attempt to secure the better hold. There are, again, two distinct kinds of wrestling. The recumbent and the upright. The former, styled Graeco-Roman, differs from the latter, or Cumberland and Westmoreland, in their features. It allows no tripping and requires that after the contestants have tumbled to the ground a fall shall not be allowed until one of them has been placed on his back and his shoulders down. The Westmoreland allows tripping of all kinds, but no ground wrestling. A fall is given when any part of the shoulders or hips is down. It is unnecessary to discuss the merits of the two systems. Both have their adherents. The Westmoreland certainly gives more room for cleverness and skill than the other. Among other chips or trips in this system is the "back heel." It consists simply in putting your left foot behind your opponent's right and bending him over it. This is a very common throw and almost every boy has probably tried it. Not so common, however, are the various ways of avoiding its trip and using it to throw your adversary. The following are the most clever chips used in wrestling today, and while we use them here as defensive, they are also the principal ones for offensive work. If your opponent crooks his left foot behind your right, keep it there. Now, let yourself fall apparently backward. Your right foot will be twisted or crooked round his left when, by pulling him backward, on account of the leverage you can put him under. This is called the "hank." Another exceedingly clever chip is the "hipe." When your opponent tries the back heel lean to the left with your head low down. Throw your right leg up between his two legs, lifting him off the ground. This is a mighty clean fall and is almost sure to down your man, especially if he be unskilled. In the "buttock" you suddenly slacken your hold and turn quickly around. Then, getting your back under your opponent's stomach turn him bodily over your thigh. It requires great strength and rapidity, and there is danger when slackening your hold that your opponent may tighten his and thus frustrate the throw and gain an advantageous hold. The "half Nelson" is much used in Graeco-Roman wrestling. When your adversary is flat on his stomach in order to turn him on his back, shove your arm underneath his from behind and



Buttock.

catch him by the back of the neck. Unless he turns all the way over this will land him on his back. When one feels himself being lifted off the ground he should swiftly slip his left leg inside his opponent's right or vice versa. This will prevent him from being lifted, and if done skillfully will often throw the other man. It is invaluable when wrestling with a person larger than yourself. There are, of course, countless points in wrestling not touched on here and which can only be mastered by long practice. However, with a thorough knowledge of the foregoing suggestions and the ability to execute them, it will be possible to greatly surprise any of your boy friends who attempt to down you.

ALLEN SANGRE.

# HUNTING IN AFRICA.

## The Panther's Awful Blood-Thirstiness and Irresistible Power.

The great African panther, or leopard (these two names are given him indiscriminately), inhabits the seacoast by preference, or the vicinity of a water course, regions where the winter is less rigorous. He is rarely encountered in the snow-covered mountains.

The full grown panther is a heavy beast. The largest I ever saw exceeded 400 pounds in weight, and measured ten feet, five inches from the end of his nose to the tip of his tail. The tail always represents one-third of the total length of the animal.

The male is much larger than the female. His head is stronger and rounder than hers. He is blacker on the back, with less white on the belly. In both the ears are on the back of the head, very small and set wide apart. They are black against the head and ashen gray at the tips. The neck is thick and extremely short. The body of the panther is long and his legs very short.

He is able to seize his prey only by ruse and surprise and by leaping upon it. You will rarely see a full grown leopard run. When that happens, however, his paws move with such rapidity that he seems to slide as if launched flat on his belly over the ice. When he hunts or is hunted he makes leaps of prodigious length and with a quickness of which words can give no idea. You have seen a cat make a spring of from seven to ten feet without extraordinary effort, and I have seen panthers leap forty feet, scarcely seeming to touch when they alight with wonderful flexibility and grace. Their great strength of body causes their forequarters and hindquarters to move in opposite directions when they walk. They appear to have broken backs.

There is as much difference between the physiognomies of a young panther and of an old one as between the countenance of a boy and a man. In an old beast the whiskers are longer, the eyes sad, the chops are pendant, the fur is darker, the demeanor very grave. The young leopard's face is full and without wrinkles, the expression gay and the robe of a lighter color.

## His Wonderful Eyes.

The panther's eye is full, round and glowing. The pupil follows the progress of the sun; it turns in the circle of the iris, as the hands turn on the face of a clock. Its rotary movement lasts twenty-four hours. At noon the pupil is long, as thin as a knife blade and stands vertically in the manner of the hands of a clock marking 6 o'clock. At noon the panther is at rest, being too blind to see his way. He remains hidden, and if he should be taken by surprise the pupils of his eyes would dilate a little, but never completely. The pupil widens gradually during its rotation. At noon it is a vertical line; at 6 in the afternoon it is an oval, extending horizontally, like the clock hands marking a quarter before 3 o'clock; at midnight it is a perfect circle. This is the hour when the animal sees most clearly. From midnight until noon the pupil follows the same progress, but diminishing in width and at 6 o'clock in the morning it occupies the same position as at 6 of the evening.

After the animal's death the pupil dilates slightly, but preserves the same position as it had at the moment of death. These observations I have had the opportunity of making on panthers. I have killed at different hours in the day. The fact is the same in the case of the cat, with the exception of the rotary movement, which does not occur in the latter; but by studying the cat carefully, without annoying him, one can always tell, approximately, what o'clock it is by examining his eyes.

The reason is now clear why the panther rarely makes an attack between 9 o'clock in the morning and 6 o'clock at night. If you meet him by chance within this interval of time, since he is not sure of his sight, he turns tail at the slightest sound and runs to hide in the thickest part of the jungle; but he seldom goes very far. Believing himself well concealed, he crouches behind a thicket, with his head on his fore paws, in the position of a cat on the watch. Woe to you if you pass within the range of one of his bounds! You will have him on your back! On foot, on horseback or in a carriage, you will not escape him.

## His Real Habits.

An unwounded panther uses his teeth only on cattle. But when he is hunted or crosses a man on his path he easily inflicts blows with his claws sufficiently powerful to completely destroy the face, and usually cause death. When he is wounded he uses both claws and teeth, and falls upon man with a fury that is terrible.

We have in Africa seven or eight kinds of spotted wild beasts! This fact has caused travelers in that country to believe they have seen panthers, and set down observations of the animal which are foreign to the leopard and should be assigned to other beasts. I myself have heard Arabs, who, to tell the truth, are utterly ignorant of natural history, give to both ounce and tiger cat the name of little panther.

A widely prevailing notion is, that the panther climbs trees. Here again he has certainly been confounded with the ounce, the lynx, the tiger-cat and other small animals, which not only climb, but live upon birds and hares. They rarely attack domestic animals, with the exception of chickens, among which they make great havoc, to the despair of the farmers' wives.

If chance has caused a panther to ascend to a low and drooping tree it is because he was able to leap upon it at one bound. Such an occurrence is the exception and not the rule. The panther stretches himself against the tree trunks to sharpen his claws and extend his limbs, but his hind feet never leave the ground.

We have in Africa many vultures of an enormous size, which settle down upon dead animals, but cannot eat quietly because of the hyenas and jackals which gather to share in the feast. As soon as they can tear off a member of the carcass they carry it away to a tall tree, to pick it to pieces at their leisure. I have been able to verify this fact several times, and the Arabs themselves have called my attention to it. From this originated the story that panthers have a habit of hiding the remnants of their victims in the tree-tops.

Neither does he retire into caves and crevices in rocks, according to a generally accepted opinion. It sometimes happens

that he crawls under a rock for shelter from wind and rain, but only rarely; commonly he lies all day in the bushes.

## All One Family.

The jaw of the leopard is armed with twenty-eight teeth, of which six in the lower jaw and six in the upper are molars, twelve are incisors and four are canines. The two upper canines are often two inches long. He has four claws on each of his hind paws and five on each fore paw. These latter are formidable, as sharp as lances, broad, flat and of the shape of a sickle.

All along the spinal column, from the head to the middle of the tail, every spot in the fur is black, elongated and full; at the extremity of the tail the spots lie in the opposite direction and form rings. I have panther skins on which the spots on the spinal column form roses, like those on the body, while the tail spots down to the very tip are long and black. In this variation is simply an eccentricity of nature's own shown, or shall we infer a difference of species, and say this is the skin of a panther and that is the skin of a leopard? This is a question I will not venture to decide, and in this connection I will tell the following anecdote:

I had brought in quite a fine animal from the hunt. Two men who professed to be, or were regarded as, versed in the study of natural history, had come to look at him. They walked around the carcass, came near to look at it closely, lifted the beast's paws, examined his teeth, measured his tail and gave each his opinion. "It is a panther," said one. "I recognise it by this and by that."

"But look!" remarked the other, "and you will see that it is clearly a leopard, the true leopard, the pardus of the Latins. Besides," he added, drawing a book from his pocket, "hear the law and the prophets."

His adversary went to the same length in defense of his views, and the savants, each with a text in hand, gesticulated, grew hot and began to dispute or rather scream at one another. Happily the subject of discussion was beyond taking any part in it, or the argument would never have lasted so long. At length, tired of quarrelling, they made concessions and agreed that if the animal had eighteen vertebrae in the tail, it was a panther; but if it had twenty-two it was a leopard. Just then came in the person whom I had engaged to dress my game. I begged him to begin where he usually left off. We awaited the result in solemn silence. When the tail had been skinned we counted the vertebrae slowly and scrupulously; there were twenty.

From all that precedes I conclude there is really no distinction to set up between the Algerian panther and leopard. If in the past there existed distinguishing traits by which two species of these animals could be characterized, these traits have disappeared, having been effaced by manifold crossings of the two species.

I shall then give only the name of panther to the animal which I hunt; the natives know him under the appellation of nemour.

## He Grows Fierce with Age.

According to the Arabs, the panther lives from twenty to twenty-five years. From birth to the age of ten months or a year, the time when the mother abandons them, the kittens live only upon animals that have been captured by their mother; they have never yet made an attack themselves, but have received valuable lessons, having looked on more than one scene of carnage. I once saw two little ones of the size of a dog watching calmly while their mother strangled a heifer.

At the age of a year the young ones separate and go to live each by himself. Game being very abundant, they catch quantities of partridges and hares, which they swallow like eggs, and occasionally they make away with kids and lambs which have ventured too far into the jungle.

At four years the panther has very nearly attained his full measure of agility and cunning, but not all of his strength and audacity. He then wages bloody war against the wild boar, beginning with the little pigs, which he loves as a dainty morsel. These animals grunt continually while rooting in the earth for their food; this grunting is greatly in the panther's favor, since he has not the scent of the canine race and hunts under the guidance of sight and hearing.

When the panther has reached the age of eight or ten years he has reached his full size and strength. No longer content with catching the wild boar, he attacks cows, horses, oxen and camels. No creature can resist him. Unless hunted he seldom attacks a man beyond the range of his leap. But within that limit he falls upon every moving thing indiscriminately without foresight or examination. If a locomotive should pass within this limit of distance I am absolutely certain that it would be attacked by an old panther.

He is very dainty in regard to his food; cares only for warm and bleeding flesh, and refuses to touch a creature found dead. Only young, very feeble ones do it, who lack strength and cunning to attack big game. An adult beast almost never eats the remnants of his victim. He often keeps them, hoping they will be good next day, but, finding the meat cold, turns away without touching it. Sometimes he makes use of these fragments as a sort of bait that he may have the pleasure of falling on other arrivals attracted by the odor. All the panthers I saw in Africa, whether killed by me or others, at all seasons, and even when suckling cubs, were very fat.

If the panther is hunting and wishes to take a victim by surprise he crawls like a serpent; his agility and cunning render him formidable. After satisfying his appetite he continues taking life for pleasure. The Arabs and I have often observed that he was unable to eat a tenth part of the domestic animals he killed. It is impossible to form a just idea of the loss he causes to the tribes whose territory he exploits.

Traveler—Some expressions in the Chinese language have as many as forty different meanings.

Little Miss—Same way in English.

Traveler—You amaze me. Mention one.

Little Miss—Not at home.—Tit-Bits.

Phillie McClintock—I have lived all my life in Philadelphia.

Knicker Bocker—And you are still living.

Detroit Free Press.



## ON THE MUSIC STAGE

Mr. Thomas Keene's Visit the Event of the Week.

KUENE BEVERAGE IS SINGLE AGAIN

Charles Coghlan Now Returns to the Arms of His Other Wife—Lillian Russell to the Fore.

The visit of Mr. Keene has been a genuine treat. Large audiences have greeted him upon each production and the people of Atlanta have shown that they have not altogether gone over to a worship of fun and froth. Yesterday afternoon and last evening Mr. Keene and the members of his company were given hearty receptions, the audience being even larger than on the first night. One thing that struck me about the first night audience was its coldness. Why that should have been the case it is difficult to say. From the expressions which I heard during the acts and afterwards I am convinced that there was no lack of appreciation, but for some reason or other the manifestation of it was absent. Perhaps this was due to the character of the audience, or, perhaps, to the very evident fact that the people were set to thinking by the address of the actor. True, Louis XI is not a character calculated to stir up much admiration or enthusiasm, for a more despicable citizen than he is made to appear in the play has probably not disgraced civilization. They were cold, it is true, but the people were by no



MISS GLADYS WALLIS.

means inappreciative. Perhaps they were a little chary of Mr. Keene from the fact that there has been an impression in the past that he was entirely too demonstrative in his methods. That was true a good many years ago, but he has long since worn off the rough edges and demonstrated his possession of a truly artistic conception of that which has been placed in his hands. Altogether the Keene engagement was a notable one and when he returns another season he can be assured of an even more hearty welcome.

The little Georgia woman, who is Mrs. Abbott in private life and "the Georgia Magnet" in public, has literally taken New York by storm. No person who has appeared in the metropolis in several years has had as much newspaper notice as has had Mrs. Abbott, and despite the efforts of the sensational Miss Fly to expose her, she has come out of it with practically everything her own way. The Sandow experiment was a great advertisement for her, but this fly episode was even more so. The fact of the matter is that Mrs. Abbott is a wonder, if she does possess the power and an even greater wonder if she does not. She has been through trickery. The Herald and The World have been especially profuse in their notice of her and she is attracting fully as much attention as Lulu Hurst did in her early days.

There were two sensations in New York last week of the social-dramatic stage. One of them was the suspension or assignment of the much-advertised Ollie Teall, who aspires to the leadership of the "400," and who manages, through those aspirations, to get a good deal of newspaper notoriety. The other was the absolute divorce granted, Keuhne Beverage from Actor Charles Coghlan. This latter was the final chapter in an affair which strangely enough has not been turned against the woman. Coghlan unquestionably has been the perfect cad or worse in his treatment of this talented girl, who was as a perfect child in his hands and those of her own mother. Nobody who has had her own estimate of her case can help blaming this mother, who was willing to have her child undergo the horrors of a questionable marriage just simply to gain notoriety for her own sake. Miss Beveridge was too bright and too attractive a girl to have been used in this way. She is wonderfully talented as a sculptor and has already attracted the attention of the art world. There was no need, indeed, for any such advertising in her case and certainly there was nothing to be gained from a marriage with a man of the reputation and personality of Charles Coghlan. She may thank her lucky stars that she is well out of it.

Manifestly the most unique prima donna in America—perhaps the expression could be made more comprehensive, to take in the entire world—is Miss Camille D'Arville, who in a suit brought against her by Manager Edward B. Rice, testified that she was not the most prominent actress in America. Indeed, she went so far as to say that she was not necessary to Mr. Rice's company and that her part was not the principal one. Mr. Rice had prayed for an injunction to prevent her breaking a contract with him, and under such stress as this it was that she made the acknowledgment in question.

But what if some manager were to attempt to sign her on her own estimate of her ability, wouldn't that be a different story? Messrs. Canary and Lederer have come out decidedly on top in their fight with Mr. Abbey over Lillian Russell. Finding that they could not get the former manager of Miss Russell, whose contract still had a year to run, Mr. Abbey has come to terms and says to Canary and Lederer that he will pay them a percentage of the gross receipts of the Russell tour for a stipulated term of thirty-five weeks, and it is guaranteed that she shall not be less than \$500 for any week. Miss Russell is further to be starred as "My Special Arrangement with Canary and Lederer." Everybody seems to be perfectly satisfied with this arrangement and it is announced that Miss Russell will begin a New York engagement early in November. This is an acknowledgment that the Russell season in London has not been the distinct success it was said to have been. But from all accounts Miss Russell herself made a great hit, and indeed, anything else would have been simply a reflection upon the taste of the London audience.

The last number of The Illustrated American contains in its gallery of players a picture of Miss Gladys Wallis, who is just about to enter upon a stellar career. For several years she has been the ingenue in Comedians' Company and she has now signed a contract with Mr. John W.

Dunne, the husband of the late Patti Ross, to appear as the central figure of the Patti Ross company. She is a very beautiful and elegant young woman and it is believed will make a distinct hit in this field, which has really not been filled since the retirement of Lottie and the death of Fiske.

The three Ollies—Ollie Skinner, Ollie Harlan and Ollie Proctor—seem to be on the top wave of prosperity these days. Skinner's success in "His Grace De Grammont" is undoubted. The stellar career of this most brilliant of young American actors has begun most auspiciously and there is little doubt that the financial success of his venture will be commensurate with his artistic value. The fact that Mr. Skinner is his clever manager could ask, for from an artistic standpoint everything that Skinner does is of the highest order of excellence. The leading dramatic writer of Chicago sized up the initial production in this way: "Ollie Skinner scored a big success at the Grand opera house in 'His Grace De Grammont,' a most clever play. Mr. Skinner's personation of the witty, loving courier was to the life. In two strongly dramatic situations with the king he tried the audience away, and was repeatedly called out. The scenery and costumes are rich, expensive, handsome and historically correct. The support is splendid. The production is a triumph."

As for Ollie Harlan, he and "A Black Sheep" are hitting 'em hard. Hoy's comedy is, from all accounts, very funny and it certainly has caught on. One of the songs sang in it, "Her Golden Hair Was Hanging Down Her Back," is going everywhere and is one of the hits of the year. "A Black Sheep" has reached the border of the south and will be there the latter part of October.

I put Miss Ollie in the same class, for the name, somehow, seems to be one to conjure with. She is now in the cast of "New Blood," which is only a year or so ago that she stepped from amateur ranks, but her position now is fully assured. She has remarkable natural gifts and if true to her art will have a high place in her profession.

"The Barnum & Bailey greatest show on earth, James A. Bailey sole owner," will be the line hereafter announcing the coming of the biggest and best circus and menagerie in the world. Mr. Bailey came into full possession of the show last week by purchasing the interest hitherto held by the Barnum estate. There has been some little friction between the great show and its owners, but its adjustment in the manner described is the best thing that could possibly have happened, not alone for Mr. Bailey, but also for the perpetuation of the great show. The present owner has long been in fact the guiding spirit of this enormous enterprise. He has for years cherished a praiseworthy ambition to own the show outright, and he is to be very earnestly congratulated upon his final fulfillment.

All reports indicate that "The Politician" will prove Roland Reed's greatest success. I have found nothing but praise in all of the newspaper notices. The critics of the daily papers are all enthusiastic, and the dramatic New York correspondent of The Herald writes: "Roland Reed's 'The Politician'—Large Audience—Anxious Anticipation—Tremendous Hit." Such a verdict of the critics is a very high thing, when this popular comedian appeared before the Detroit crowd for a verdict on Sidney Rosenfeld's latest production. That the dog was highly pleased was evident from the start and before the initial performance was over Mr. Reed and his efficient company were being applauded with the vociferous applause that has been heard in Detroit for many a moon. "The Politician" is a scathing satire on American politics and in the character of General Josiah Limber Mr. Reed finds greater scope for action than in any character he has yet essayed. "The Politician" is now an assured success and nothing but a highly remunerative season can be in store for the ever-popular Roland Reed."

Miss Juliet Downs, one of the most talented young women of the Keene Company, won golden opinions in the performances of yesterday's matinee and last night. In the afternoon she appeared as Jessica, daughter of Shylock, "The Merchant of Venice," and was easily at home in the role. In the evening she played the role of Lady Anne, afterwards married to the duke of Gloucester, in "Richard III." She gave evidence of that talent which has made her reputation on the American stage so successful. Miss Downs is a beautiful type of the southern girl. She was born in Mobile, Ala., and was reared in the south, her father being a prominent railroad manager, at one time the superintendent of the Louisville and Nashville. She has only been on the stage somewhat more than thirty weeks, but has taken prominent parts in all the plays she has figured in since entering the profession with one of Frohman's chief productions, "The Good Hope." Miss Downs was at the famous Montreal convention and was a schoolmate of several prominent young ladies of this city. In the parts she has played in Atlanta Miss Downs has won the applause of the Atlanta theatergoing public and will be remembered in future seasons.

Palmer Cox, the father of all the Brownies, has for the present given up literary work and spends his days and nights watching the rehearsal of the play in which his little people will figure, and which C. B. Jefferson, Klaw & Erlanger promises to produce with much magnificence at the Park theater, Philadelphia, on October 15th.

Of Dorothy Morton, who is the prima donna in "The Fencing Master," a Chicago critic writes: "Miss Dorothy Morton is vocally and in many other respects superior to the erratic Tempest, a statement that may seem odd in view of the reputation enjoyed by the English singer, but which nevertheless is true. Miss Morton showed herself the possessor of a sweet, sympathetic voice. Moreover, her technique is admirable and her up-to-date and effective. The part abounds in sentiment and spirit, with a touch of the dramatic element, but she sustained herself admirably in the different scenes."

That isn't the end of it. It's only the beginning. And as great as she means what she says, Miss Johnston has engaged herself for life to a Frenchman of wealth and position. Once more Mrs. Langtry has turned her thoughts to this country, in which she has made so much money during her earlier career on the stage. She has called to Joseph P. Reynolds, her New York agent, asking him to book a tour for her in America, beginning in November. Last season Mrs. Langtry sailed over the same route, and after Mr. Reynolds had secured time for her all over the country she changed her mind and he has since endeavored to cancel the engagements. It is not absolutely safe to assume that Mrs. Langtry will play here this season until she steps foot on our shores. But as she seems to have worn out her welcome in London, it is probable that she will not disappoint the wily Johnnie this time.

My handsome friend Al Southernland, having settled his suit against Pauline Hall, has taken charge of Sadie Martin's star-



SANDOW TRYING TO LIFT MRS. ABBOTT.

ring tour. Miss Martin will tour in "The Passport," a farcical comedy, and is to have very strong support.

M. B. Curtis is in hot water again. Ben Stern obtained in Chicago last week a judgment against him for \$100 for unpaid salary and expenses and attached his box-office receipts; and has also brought a civil suit for \$200 for breach of contract. Another suit has been brought against Curtis for damages for canceling his contract at a Milwaukee theater; and still another will be begun by Miss Westbrook, who alleges that he has repudiated a season's contract with her as a member of his company. Curtis seems to have hard work retaining business managers. Ben Stern, Duncan Harrison—what next?

It is now reported that Marion Manola is hopelessly insane. She recognizes none of her old friends, is unable to speak or express her wants in any way, and the only idea of the past she seems to retain is that she has a daughter, for whose safety she is in constant fear.

It is probable that Mlle. Calve will come to this country next season to star at the head of an opera company under the management of F. C. Whitney.

James T. Powers has been engaged by Charles Frohman and will be starred in "The New Boy."

The much discussed "Hannele" will shortly be played in Boston, when the title role will be acted by Alice Pierce, who was prevented from appearing in it in New York last season.

Madame Fursch-Mad, for nearly a quarter of a century famous as a prima donna in Europe and this country, died on Thursday last of cancer of the stomach in a little farmhouse near Plainfield, N. J. She was forty-six years old, and her last appearance on the stage was in the role of "Lorenzino," with Malba and Lassalle, at the Metropolitan, New York, near the close of last season.

Alexander Salvini intends to produce early in his tour this season an adaptation by himself of a romantic Italian play, which he calls "The Student of Salamanca." The piece is in four acts, the scenes are laid in Spain, and the principal role gives him admirable opportunity.

Barney Ferguson is enthusiastic over his new play. "Say, cull," he told an acquaintance, "it's a wonder! In the first act we wear a new suit, in the second we get two changes of costume, and they're dressed in the third, and in the fourth we've got four, and they're better!"

Ada Rehan had a most enthusiastic reception in Boston on the occasion of her first appearance as a star, on Monday evening. The play she acted, "The Street," after having been sold for her entire engagement.

William Pruette has fallen in love with the little girl, Miss Downs, who is now rehearsing, and his many friends are endeavoring to prevent a great success for him in the part.

Wilson Barrett is said to have the longest melodrama of recent years, "The Marmaduke Matheson" of Hall Caine's novel of that name.

effects at once thrilling and realistic. The switches, switch lights, signal lights and lanterns are the same as those in use upon all railroads. The play has been a great success from the start, originally produced at the Lyceum theater, New York, for an extended run it has since achieved a success on tour. The company has been chosen with care and is an evenly balanced one. It is under the same management as Louis Morrisseau's "East of Eden."

"The Spider and Fly." Prominent among the many features of M. B. Leavitt's spectacular production, "Spider and Fly," which comes to the Grand Friday and Saturday, is a selected series of living pictures, executed on the same scale of magnificent surroundings and artistic detail as those which have achieved such extraordinary success in London, Paris and New York. Indeed it may be said that the success of these fine delectable tableaux vivants fairly begot upon the sensational, although the sensational element of success was due to any sensationalism of effect, but to their marvelous beauty and purity of taste as examples of high art in new and most attractive form.

When the famous Kilany pictures were first announced for presentation in New York city, prejudice raised a hue and cry, and it was predicted that Anthony Comstock would interfere. But Anthony Comstock would interfere with the pictures, but not with the pictures, which were shown with exquisite refinement of artistic skill and devoid in every particular of vulgar suggestion or sensational effect.

Moreover, the composition of each picture was built in a correctly aesthetic manner, with perfect balance of color, harmonious background and clear illustration of the evening and perspective. They were, in short, a revelation of the artistic value of the pictures.

Quick to appreciate the value of these "Living Pictures" as a novelty, Mr. Leavitt immediately arranged for the production of a variety of interesting series of light-colored pictures, which he now presents in conjunction with his popular and brilliant series of "The Spider and Fly."

Of the groups in Mr. Leavitt's series which has already been said in praise. They represent actual and paintings, and in both attempts have attained the highest heretofore achieved in the art of the picture. The pictures are of the most brilliant and the most refined, and the most refined of the most refined.

THEATRE AND NEW ORLEANS SIGHTS

ATLANTA AND WEST POINT RAILROAD

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## RAILROAD SCHEDULES

Showing the Arrival and Departure of All Trains from This City—Central Time.

ARRIVE	DEPART
From Savannah 6:45 am	To Savannah 6:45 am
From Savannah 1:15 pm	To Savannah 1:15 pm
From Savannah 6:45 pm	To Savannah 6:45 pm
From Savannah 11:15 pm	To Savannah 11:15 pm
From Savannah 6:45 am	To Savannah 6:45 am
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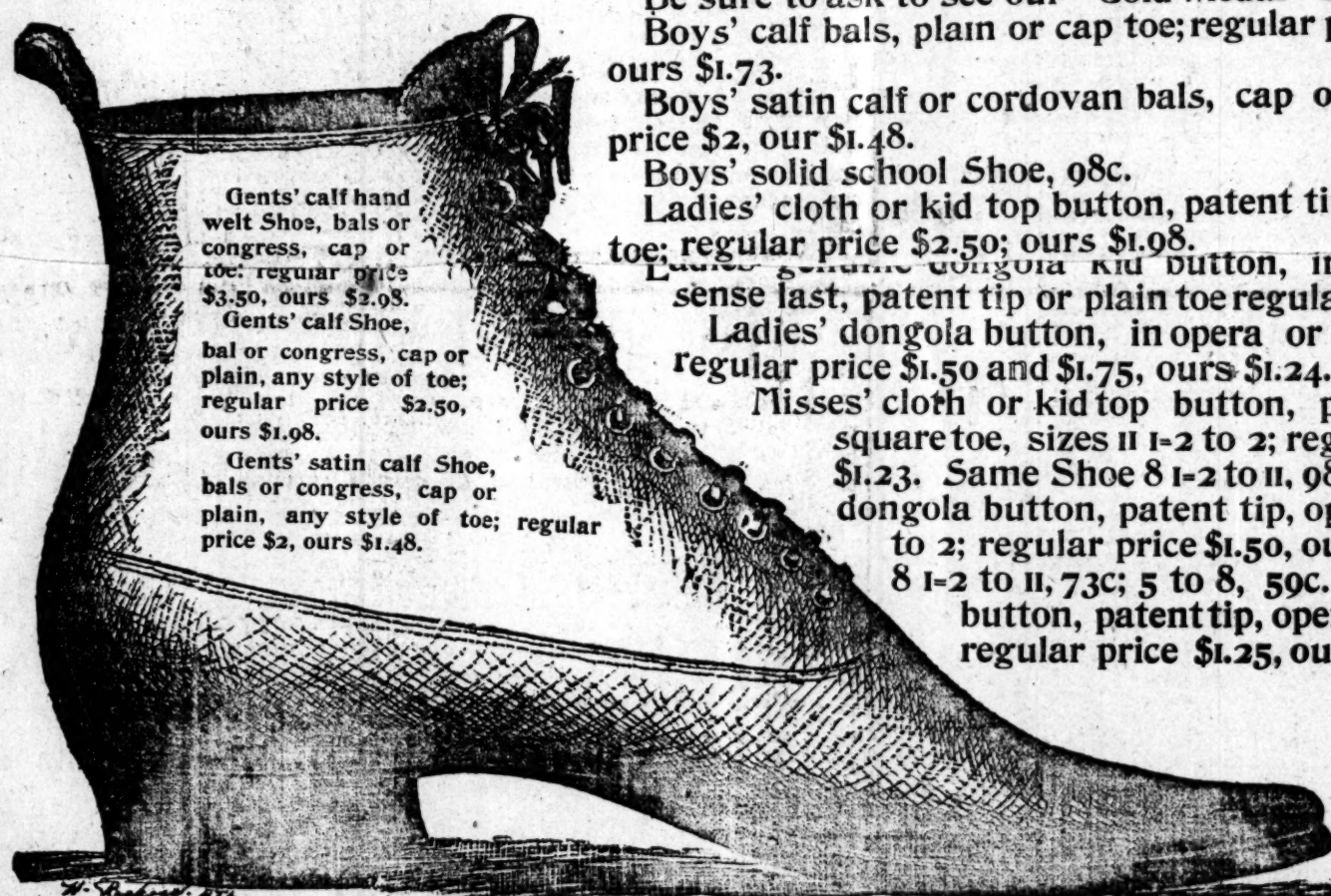
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89. Whitehall.

74-76 S. Broad.

Laundred, 48c, 98c.  
Unlaundred, 25c, 38c, 48c or  
higher.  
We have wool Shirts at 75c, 98c  
and \$1.48.  
UMBRELLAS--59c, 79c, 98c, \$1.48  
and \$1.98.  
WHITE SHIRTS, laundred, 48c,  
79c, 98c; unlaundred, 25c, 35c, 48c.  
NIGHT SHIRTS at 48c, 75c, 98c,  
white or fancy.  
CANES at 25c, 50c, 75c, 98c.  
K. of P. Canes at 50c, 75c.



## Men's Underwear!

Shirts at 25c, 38c, 48c, 69c, 98c.  
Drawers to match at same price.  
Canton flannel Drawers, excellent  
quality, 38c and 48c.

## HANDKERCHIEFS

Silk, white or colored border, at  
25c, 38c, 48c, 79c.

White Handkerchiefs or colored  
border at 10c, 15c, 19c, 25c.

NECKWEAR--Tecks or Scarfs at  
25c, 38c, 48c. Four-in-Hand at same  
price. Lovely patterns silk or solid  
black silk or satin.

SAMPLES OF FALL AND WINTER SUITS  
AND OVERCOATS SENT TO ANY ADDRESS.

PART 2.

VOL. XXVII

The store is thril-  
ous merchandise  
but advertising  
of the story must  
every counter is  
and burdened be-  
bound to make  
purchase will pro-

Don't trip thro  
It's an orthodo  
sents uparalle  
one's incapaci  
new Tariff line

## Eight

retail house ever b  
of Fabrics illustrat  
the store, in this ad  
irresistibly mag, ne

Lot 1. Figured  
Taffeta  
A wilderness of know  
swivel, rep and bric-a  
price is an eloquent  
women who desire a  
little money. They  
last Friday.  
Worth 35c. ... C

Lot 2. Devens  
Think  
selvedge to selvedge,  
comfortable of all the  
ish weather. They  
yards--three dresses  
might snap them up;  
early.  
Worth 75c. ... C

Lot 3. An end  
Series  
More styles very like  
lection. Home made  
wherever the choices  
the shelves that hold  
stock merits fame for  
Worth 25c. ... C

## Cover

Hundreds of pieces  
of weave and perfect  
notch of goodness, an  
combined two in tow  
--soft and hard finish

## Speci

One grade.....  
One grade.....  
One grade.....  
One grade.....  
One grade.....

Colors: Islam, T  
stadt, Myosotis, G  
Romaine.

## Color

Plain Surahs, extra w  
colors. Well adapted  
in all cases where econ  
our price .....

Glaze Silks, double tin  
lines into neat sma l c  
sleeves, waists and  
price .....

Plain India Silks, light  
Lyons, dyed in Lond  
the best skill can give

Figured Beau d'Soie, a  
inal broche effect that  
in any other stock. A.

## Wrap

fresh, bright and u

Plaid Cheviot Double  
importer \$8.00 to imp  
at \$10.00, or they ab

Golf Cape, made out  
modious hood, lined  
silk, worth \$11.50, as

Bright tan Castor Be  
inlaid velvet collar, a  
the lot, worth \$3.50

Our only fear is  
in this store are  
today. Don't con  
department is far  
you want at price  
economical shopp  
into language str  
triumphs.



The store is thrilling all over with vital and marvelous merchandise news. We are eager to tell it all, but advertising space is costly and a mere fraction of the story must suffice. It's enough to say that every counter is bloomed and plumed and buried and burdened beneath a bulk of bargains that is bound to make business broaden and stir. A purchase will profit you greatly.

## KEELY COMPANY

Our freight registry indicates that we have received about double the number of cases up to date than during the corresponding time of any former Fall season. The fact is that at the period when we realized prices of foreign goods had hopelessly shrunk we seized the grand opportunity and became large purchasers. The results of those operations are now manifest.

## October's Overpowering Offerings.

Don't trip through this advertisement. Sift every sentence thoroughly. There's no fustian, bathos or twaddle about it. It's an orthodox account of the most opulent series of bargains that tongue or pen ever had for theme. Every item represents unparalleled value. No one has the genius to describe the goods and their cheapness. To attempt it is to prove one's incapacity. No, they must be seen. Monday morning our Fall Business opens in earnest, and we hew prices to the new Tariff line in a manner that will dazzle doubters.

## Eight Specials for Monday!

This particular display of Dress Goods has deep and peculiar significance. It emphasizes and convinces beyond all cavil our absolute and masterful leadership of the situation. No Southern retail house ever before presented such a royally rich assembly of bargains. This single offering includes eight prices, but represents over a thousand pieces of Fabrics illustrating the leading styles that now prevail in every Fashion center from Paris to New York. Consistent with the arrangement of the goods in the store, in this advertisement we also subdivide the monumental quantity into eight great groups. They shine out in their imposing beauty and newness and irresistibly magnetize by the overwhelming persuasiveness of prices ridiculously low.

**Lot 1.** Figured and Diagonal Worsteds and Taffeta Wool Suitings, 36 inches wide. A wilderness of novelty effects including armure, swivel, rep and brocade designs in all colors. The price is an eloquent appeal to the self-interest of women who desire a neat, serviceable dress for very little money. They've come to the counters since last Friday.  
Worth 35c....Our price.....**19c**

**Lot 2.** Devonshire Suiting, 54 inches wide. Think of it! Yard-and-a-half from selvedge to selvedge. Scottish of course. The most comfortable of all the clan weaves in rough or roughish weather. They are in six colors. Limited 15 yards—three dresses—to a buyer. Otherwise dealers might snap them up; suburbanites had better start early.  
Worth 75c....Our price.....**49c**

**Lot 3.** An endless range of Checked and Plaid Serges and Cashmeres—finest wool. More styles very likely than you ever saw in one collection. Home made, foreign made—chosen from wherever the choicest could be had. Glance down the shelves that hold their sun-checked folds. The stock merits fame from sea to sea.  
Worth 55c....Our price.....**50c**

**Lot 4.** Cheviots, single twills, crepe twills, boucle twills, two-toned effects and Oxford mixes. Illuminated Mohair Suiting, Flannel in red, blue, brown and gray, 42 inches wide. Berkshire Checks, Scotch Tweeds, French Checks and Stripes, Changeable Diagonals, Boucle Plaids, Camel's-hair Melanges. They are all exclusive and elegant. To name them signifies little. No printed words can paint the graces of style, the harmony of colors, the perfection of patterns that characterizes them all. We never before had such stupendous values.  
Worth 65c....Our price.....**39c**

**Lot 8.** Serge Melange, nine Autumn tint mixtures, 46 inches. All-wool French novelties in quiet tones, the little glints of bright colors give them winning loveliness. Camel's-hair, with knots of boucle, soft to the touch, swell to the eye. Cheviot Brilliant, a rich two-color check. Vicuna, Cashmere Goat, Silesian Sheep and China Silk-worm Novelties. Mohair Figured Armures, Bourette Mixtures, Zebeline Suitings, Irish Friezes, Tailor Checks and the prettiest Plaid Suitings that were ever planned are in profusion.  
Worth \$1.50....Our price.....**98c**

**Lot 5.** Jacquard Suitings. The latest Fashion ripple, natty in the extreme. A dozen designs in twice as many colors. Ultra Fashion is with them. And well she may be, for the fickle dame never smiled on a more beautiful or sensible stuff. The price reductions will hold you happy against comparisons with her future caprices.  
Worth 85c....Our price.....**59c**

**Lot 6.** All-wool Invisible Checked Cheviot, 46 inches wide, in sixteen popular color mixes. Crush the stuff, tumble, rub, thumb and jerk it, wear it in rough weather—comes up smiling every time. Its the purest of wool with long wearing qualities that are now so seldom found in a medium-priced fabric. Every yard warranted.  
Worth \$1.00....Our price.....**65c**

**Lot 7.** Ladies Cloth. It grows in favor every season—so dressy, so utterly unlike a Broadcloth—and yet such a broad cloth—34 inches wide, in the mellowest tints of gray, red, blue, brown and black. Of course it is only the best skill that can produce such grades. The maker was hunting cash.  
Worth \$1.25....Our price.....**75c**

### Covert Cloths.

Hundreds of pieces—soft and fine and firm—even of weave and perfect of dye; They're at the top-notch of goodness, and our stock is larger than any combined two in town. French and German makes—soft and hard finished.

### Special Prices.

One grade.....	39c	worth.....	60c
One grade.....	59c	worth.....	75c
One grade.....	99c	worth.....	\$1.25
One grade.....	\$1.25	worth.....	\$1.65
One grade.....	\$1.50	worth.....	\$2.00

Colors: Islam, Tolstol, Alpine, Marine, Cronstadt, Myosotis, Giroflee, Cerise, Ameranth, Romaine.

### Imported Novelty Suitings.

Exclusive Dress Specialties. Trade name—"Novelties." They were secured by us from the importers, who are agents for the best makers in the world, at a time when general dullness, trade depression and a shaky business outlook—all united to push prices down. Very great concessions were made for the immediate cash.

### See Them On the Center Counter.

Worth Up to \$18.00.....Choice at.....\$10.00.  
The cream of the styles that the best dressed women of two hemispheres are wearing. The counter is heaved with unmade costumes for every possible use, and choosing will never be easier. There are Wool and Silk and wool Novelties, Boucle Barred and Basket Suitings, Tailor Checks, Granite Cloths, Matelasses, Jacquard Weaves; Bourette, Camel's-hair and Cheviot Weaves. It is a colossal sacrifice to sell them so low.

Worth Up to \$18.00.....Choice at.....\$10.00.

### Broadcloths.

Experience and experiments have lifted and lifted the quality of these goods until now they seem to be at the highest point of perfection. The vastness and excellence of our present stock—and the cheapness are astonishing.

### Special Prices.

One grade.....	99c	worth.....	\$1.25
One grade.....	\$1.25	worth.....	\$1.50
One grade.....	\$1.50	worth.....	\$1.75
One grade.....	\$1.75	worth.....	\$2.25
One grade.....	\$2.00	worth.....	\$2.50

Colors: Kremild, Platine, Cimier, Ruby, Sultan, Baltique, Nanol, Caylan, Melilla and Antomne.

## Colored and Black Silks!

It is like visiting an exposition of the daintiest, most elegant woven stuffs to pass among them. Most of the fine French are to be had nowhere else in Atlanta. Not a single leaving or held-over in the entire exhibition.

Plain Surahs, extra weight, smooth, even weave, light, medium and dark colors. Well adapted for all ordinary dress or trimming use, especially in all cases where economy is an important element, worth 50c; our price.....**35c**

Glaze Silks, double tinted iridescent grounds, divided by neutral colored lines into neat small checks and narrow stripes. Very thing for skirts, sleeves, waists and the like. Sold everywhere at 65c; our price.....**49c**

Plain India Silks, light and dark shades, good, heavy weight. Woven at Lyons, dyed in London and full of the wearing qualities that the best skill can give. The usual ask has been 75c; our price.....**49c**

Figured Peau d'Soie, authentic Persian colorings—graced with an original broche effect that are peculiarly attractive and can't be seen in any other stock. A fair price for them would be 85c; our price.....**67c**

21-inch All-silk Black Gros Grain, worth \$1; our price.....**75c**  
21-inch heavy Black Peau d'Soie, worth \$1.25; our price.....**98c**  
23-inch Black Sublime Satin Duchesse, worth \$1.25; our price.....**98c**  
24-inch Super Cashmere Gros Grain, worth \$1.75; our price.....**\$1.39**  
21-inch extra finished Peau d'Soie, worth \$1.75; our price.....**\$1.50**  
25-inch Black Armure Silk, imported to sell for \$2.00; our price.....**\$1.48**

Fancy Taffeta Silks, delicate and dark colors, soft and lustrous grounds, irwoven with numberless diamond, crescent and star-shaped figures, zig-zag and dainty straight stripes. Real value 90c; our price.....**67c**

Faille Francaise and Japanese Silks, extra fine finish, in all the leading colors for evening, reception and street wear, including tan, navy, brown, gray, pearl, Nile blue beige, rose and corn. Well worth \$1.00; our price.....**75c**

Fancy Taffeta Silks, with radiant, changeable grounds, cut by single and cluster narrow satin stripes and illuminated by small Dresden figures in many contrasting tints. The rightful price should be \$1.25; our price.....**85c**

Fancy Taffetas, again. This time with brilliant shot effects, produced by satin seed dots, formed into rather broad stripes—all the desirable Autumn colors. Imported to retail at \$1.35; our price.....**98c**

## Wraps, Capes and Jackets!

fresh, bright and up to date—and temptingly priced. Trust your eyes and fingers. No need of a word from anybody to tell you what wonderful values these are:

Plaid Cheviot Double Cape, genuine Golf collar. Cost the importer \$8.00 to import, he says. Would naturally retail at \$10.00, or thereabout. We make the price.....**\$5.00**

Golf Cape, made out of right-weight Broadcloth, with com-mo-dious hood, lined throughout with plaid glaze and surah silk, worth \$12.50, as others charge; our price.....**\$7.50**

Bright tan Castor Beaver Cape, self-appliqued, velvet bound, in-laid velvet collar, and silk-faced. One of the nobbiest in the lot, worth \$13.50; our price.....**\$10.00**

Highland Cape, made out of Scotch Tweed or velvet faced woolen, with plaid pattern inside, and modest-priced withal, considering the style and finish.....**\$10.00**

Bell-shaped Knickerbocker Golf Capes, a deep, generous and picturesque garment, with plaid, wool-lined hood. You'd expect the price to be \$15.00; it is.....**\$10.00**

Cheviot Jackets, blue, gray, brown and tan, velvet collar, double-breasted and trimmed with large pearl buttons, worth \$12.50; our price only.....**\$7.50**

Cheviot and Broadcloth Golf Capes, in red, blue, brown, gray and tan. Hoods lined with striped armure silk and plaid glaze, worth \$15.00; our price.....**\$10.00**

Three-quarter Walking Jacket, made of beaver and kersey, right-fitting coat effect, velvet collar, large pearl buttons, in gray, brown, tan and blue.....**\$10.00**

Full-length Plush Capes, satin-lined, richly trimmed with various furs, beautifully shaped and finished, \$20.00, \$16.50, \$15.00 and.....**\$12.50**

## M. RICH & BROS.

### Look at Our New

### Dress Goods Novelties.

A larger and more varied stock than ever shown here—more novelties, more fancy weaves, more exclusive designs of our own importation and 40 per cent. better values than have ever been shown the retail trade.

In addition to all the novelties and fancy weaves, we are showing an elegant line of ladies' cloths in all the newest shades.

### Bargain.

### Outing Flannels.

Fleeced in fancy figures and stripes for wrappers—the hand-somest, neatest Flannel-ettes in the South, 10c per yard

### Children's

### Reefers.

A sample lot of Children's Reefers—sizes are from 10 to 16 years, and all colors. They are worth \$4.00 to \$6.00. We close them out at **\$2.50 each**

### Special

### Soap Sale.

We have received 50 gross more of that

### Castile Soap.

Try it, and you will use no other. **2 Cakes for 5c**

### Down

### Comfortables

New line of Sateen and Silk Comforts, handsome colorings and pure down.

### Silks.

### Monday Morning

We will display foreign Silks of our own importation, as well as all that's new in domestic Silks.

### Black Silks, Colored Silks.

### Evening Silks.

All the fashion writers say Silks will lead, so we are ready with the greatest stock in the South.

### Ladies'

### Cloaks

Arriving every day. We can now show a fine assortment of Ladies' Fall and Winter Garments, the style, quality and price of which cannot be beat.

Come and see the new styles.

### Ladies'

### Suits.

Our stock of Ladies' ready-made Suits is coming in every day. We are showing some pretty tailor-made Suits in latest styles.

### Bric-a-Brac.

Here is the place to see high art goods in the bric-a-brac line. Many of our customers never come to our store without visiting this stock. The stock contains magnificent articles for wedding or anniversary presents.

### Odd Pieces

### Furniture.

We have some very odd shaped pieces of furniture for parlor decorations. They are exquisite and ancient designs, worth seeing.

### Lace Curtains.

Our import order just received. They are marked less the tariff reductions. The combination of all Atlanta dealers' stocks would not show half the variety we show at present. These goods are about half the former prices, the finer goods receiving the heaviest reductions.

### Furniture.

### October Sale.

A walk through this department means a pleasure, profit and advantage.

We are the acknowledged leaders in this line for style, quality and prices.

We mean to double our sales this month, and have reduced prices to do it.

### Bed Room Suits.

We offer 50 Bed Room Suits of 3 pieces, highly polished oak, with plate glass bevel edge mirror, 20x24, at **\$12.50 per Suit.**

We have the finest selection in all kinds of wood, highly polished, and of our own special designs, at from **\$12.50 up.**

### New Fur Rugs.

A Lot of 500 Japanese Goat Rugs, white and gray; sizes are 36x72 inches, and all perfect goods. We offer them this week at **\$1.25 each.**

### Carpets.

We carry all the leading makes of—Ingrains, Body Brussels, Axminsters, Moquettes, Wiltons, etc.

All the novelties in the market are here. Also,

### Rugs

Of novel styles, to match all kinds of carpets, in any style designed.

### Cut Draperies.

In this department we have virtually no competition. Our prices have made the department a great success. We carry fringe and drapery materials to match, and furnish special designs by thoroughly artistic drapers. Our work stands as high as any in the country.

## M. RICH & BROS.

54 and 56 Whitehall Street.



The important point of economy is not so much what you pay for an article as what value you receive for the money paid. Our customers call on Clothes, Hats and Furnishings cheap, because they receive good value for their money. We do not sell goods we cannot truthfully recommend. We would be glad to sell you your Winter outfit.

George M. Rich & Bros.  
Clothing Co.

88 WHITEHALL

## KEELY COMPANY

Our only fear is that some may think the bargains in this store are limited to the special quotations of today. Don't conceive that fallacious notion. Every department is fairly a-flash with just the things you want at prices that the most experienced and economical shopper enthuses over. We can't formulate language strong enough to express our trade triumphs.

Undaunted enterprise, cool courage, discernment, decisiveness and the pulsing ardor of pre-destined success are puzzling and perplexing old-timers all around. We never drowse or drone. The fever of doing a big, bold business is in our blood and brain. We live in the present, and our ways are free from the jungles of customs that reek with the mould of the past.



FLORIDA'S LI

It Comes Just One Day  
tion in Geor

## RAILWAYS CUT AN IMPOR-

the Corporation


The Democratic Party in the  
All to Pieces—Very  
lists Are Bant

Tallahassee, Fla., Sept. 11.  
It is a curious, almost  
National war, which is being  
ously in Florida just now  
end in a pitched battle  
Tuesday. It is a fight  
winks of what has here

solid and the "unfettering" of the state—and, strangely, confined to less than half of the five counties. The issue is the question of the state railroad commission's rate rates, prevent us in situations where the democratic issue is often obscured, made complicated by personal and personal matters.

**The State**

Only one state officer is justice of the supreme court see party nomination has



N. B. BROW


Hon. Benjamin S. Liddon  
have a walkover, of course  
racy is a unit for him and  
to be increased rather than  
the factional fights in  
counties, so very little

to this portion of the title democratic state commit practicable to make a compromise for supreme court reorganization having been two congressional committee speakers cover state issues a necessity for urging their duty on election of democratic nominees for congress. Sparkman, in the first

**Contest for Le**  
All the forty-five-cou  
bers of the lower house  
sixty-eight in all—a tax  
lector, treasurer, membe  
board and some minor off  
tices of the peace, etc.

the thirty-two senatorial  
state senators. It is  
being made, for the legis-  
lature, by a committee of  
body which will be called  
railroad commission, and  
four counties in which  
lessly split, a decided  
amounts to an election  
county tickets of the po-  
will have very little, if  
the general result.

settled by Primaries  
The railroad commiss  
in most of the counties

A black and white portrait of a man with a mustache, looking slightly to the right. The image is partially cut off at the bottom.

WILKINSON

ing of the primaries or  
conventions and by con-  
the aspirants for senat-  
nominations had to define  
y and unequivocally on  
results show the party.

legislature pledged both a commission and some other benefit, with the exception of Duval and Lake counties. These are generally received by the support of the democrats, understand on this question.

In Duval county the de-

plitt wise open for love  
the commission wise of  
and in control of most of  
but the state convention  
had refused by a big ma  
this wing of the party a  
anti-commission delegat  
the Dancoyites or the "  
of the commission three  
Murdoch Barrs, of nati  
a shawd lawyer and a  
He is a thin, wiry, quick

[illegible]







## BALL PLAYERS TO BE BANQUETED

The disappointment of the season has been the Boston team. That team, has been wearing the pennant so long that any thought the Bean-eaters had a feeble title to it, But the team has done nothing good this year and ends the season in third place, the New Yorks standing second to the Baltimore. The Boston team is made up of players nearly all of whom have been with the club for years. It was considered an aggregation of stars and opened the season confident of winning the flag again. But they didn't, and the indications are that the Boston triumvirate

standing of the Clubs.				
ba.	Played.	Won.	Lost.	Per C.
timore..	127	38	39	.693
York..	123	38	45	.662
ton..	123	53	49	.629
Adelphi..	120	72	53	.574
..	129	69	60	.535
eland..	128	63	65	.491
zburg..	120	66	65	.500
oago..	122	53	74	.429
innati..	123	56	76	.424
Louis..	120	54	78	.415
hington..	120	45	55	.448
eville..	129	35	94	.271

Cycle Racing at Birmingham.

Birmingham, Ala., September 22 (Special).

A riding of Chicago closed a contract

**Smith Knocked Fogarty Out.**  
Tyler, Tex., September 23.—Billy Smith, of Australia, fought Jack Fogarty, of St. Louis, here last night, knocking him out in four rounds. Both men were game. The crowd was with Fogarty, but Smith was too much for him. The fight lasted only forty minutes.

The latter has not yet decided what she will do as to accepting this ticket or the one presented by the bolters. He will consult the attorney general and give a decision next week.

**Relentless Time.**

He started in alarm.

"No," she repeated; "you do not know what my past life has been."

His fingers pressed convulsively into his limbs.

"Surely," he cried, "it has not been more than thirty-five years."

The ocean moaned as it has for ages, and

### SPEECHES BY PROMINENT DEMOCRATS

For Engineer,  
R. M. CLAYTON.  
H. T. McDANIEL.  
For Commissioner of Public Works,  
DICK CLARK.  
HUGH ANGLER.  
DAVID G. WILHE.  
For Comptroller,  
G. H. HOLLIDAY.  
J. H. GOLDSMITH.  
For City Attorney,  
J. A. ANDERSON.  
For Sexton,  
T. A. CLAYTON.  
CHARLES DALVIGNY.  
W. A. BONNEL.  
WILLIAM H. BETTIE.

One of the candidates in the race for

"Resolved, That our society will pray for heaven's richest blessings to rest upon Mrs. Barrett, and her family in their new home and field of labor.

"MRS. J. J. THOMAS,  
"MRS. J. H. MORGAN,  
"MRS. J. P. FIELD,  
"Committee."

The resolutions were adopted by a unanimous vote of the auxiliary.

The girl of the period is finding  
The temptation always at hand,  
To get into shocking habits.

HIS HUMOR CAUGHT THE CROWD

"Once in a while some farmer  
Would come a-drivin' past;  
And he'd hear me cry,  
And stop and sigh,  
Till I felt laid back at last,  
And hollered rain till I thought my throat  
Would bust right open at every note.

"But I fetched her! O, I fetched her!  
Cause a little while ago  
As I kind o' set,  
With one eye ahet,  
And a singing soft and low,  
A voice dropped down on my lowered  
brain,  
Saying, 'You'll see how I'll rain.'"

### THE PENNANT WINNERS.

## The Orioles, Who Distanced the Old Stars of the League in the Race for the Trophy

standing of the Clubs.				
ba.	Played.	Won.	Lost.	Per C.
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And hollered rain till I thought my throat  
Would bust right open at every note.

"But I fetched her! O, I fetched her!  
Cause a little while ago  
As I kind o' set,  
With one eye ahet,  
And a singing soft and low,  
A voice dropped down on my lowered  
brain,  
Saying, 'You'll see how I'll rain.'"

Green's Nervura, . . .  
 Gelatin, Cooper & Co.  
 Glycerine, Jelly and  
 Gold Palut. . . . .  
 Juniper Tar . . . . .  
 Jelly of Violets (W  
 Kaledon . . . . .  
 Liquid Beef (Colden's  
 Luxonai. . . . .  
 Lactated Food . . . .  
 Listerine, Lambert's .  
 Maltine . . . . .  
 Malted Milk. . . . .  
 Magill's Orange Bloss  
 Mellin's Food. . . . .  
 Mill's Nervine . . . .  
 Menthol Pencils. . . .  
 Morse's Indian Root  
 Nestle's Infant Food  
 Paine's Celery Compound  
 Parker's Hair Balsam  
 Pinkham's Compound  
 Pierce's Favorite Pe  
 Pierce's Golden Medi  
 Pierce's Pellets. . . .  
 Phillip's Cod Liver O  
 Piso's Consumption.  
 Piso's Catarrh Cure  
 Polish, Brown's. Fre  
 Thermometers. . . . .  
 Tooth Paste, Sheffield  
 Vaseline. . . . .  
 Viola Cream. . . . .  
 Viola Soap. . . . .  
 Wampole's Cod Liver  
 Warner's Safe Cure.  
 Warner's Nervine. . .  
 Warner's Tippecanoe  
 Wilcox Compound  
 Wright's Pills. . . . .  
 Wyeth's Beef, Wine  
 Witch Hazel, Jacobs  
 Williams Pink Pills  
 Zouweiss. . . . .  
 Jacobs' Callaya Bar  
 Allapice. . . . .  
 Alum, Lump . . . . .  
 Arrow Root. . . . .  
 Gum Arabic. . . . .  
 Hoffman's Anodyne.  
 Morphine, F. & W.  
 Morphine, F. & W.  
 Mustard, English . . .  
 Paregoric. . . . .







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## 24 PAGES.

ATLANTA, GA., September 30, 1894.

## A Sunday Morning Sermon.

"Five boys under eight years of age are confined in the city stockade tonight. They will spend the Sabbath within this enclosure."

Such was the message received from Superintendent Vining last night, and The Constitution offers it as a text to the Christian people of Atlanta this morning.

While our churches today are filled with zealous congregations, anxious to prove their fidelity to their faith, five infant children are rotting in the prison, not of Timbuctoo, but of Atlanta! While concern is expressed for the heathen in China or in Congo land, we have here at our doors, locked up within prison walls, legal babes, to catch whom, if they escape, trained dogs are kept in readiness!

## Think of it!

The city is filled with Sunday schools. Bright-faced children will troop to them from every square in the city. With clean faces and neatly fitting dresses they will be objects of pride, not only to their parents, but to all who look upon them. But there are five children who will not be there; who must pass this Sunday morning, which should speak of joy and salvation to all, within prison walls, where curses are the only prayers that will greet their ears, and the shrieks of the debased will be the only music they will hear!

And all this in Atlanta! Right at the very moment that our people are gathered together in their churches!

Surely this state of affairs will not be permitted to last. There are mothers grieving over lost children who would give their heart's blood to have them restored. There are children tossed about in a delirium of ignorance and want of control; they are at the mercy of every evil influence; they know neither the love of mother, the kindness of man, nor the promises of the gospel. They are sin-tossed and in prison. Shall they continue on to the gallows, or shall such as they be saved?

How long shall we continue to thus treat our unfortunate children?

## The Beginning.

The statement that the big new mill of the Massachusetts Cotton Company is to be built in Georgia instead of South Carolina, and the further information that it is to be built somewhere between Rome and Macon ought to be very satisfactory to the people of this immediate section. "Between Rome and Macon" is a somewhat indefinite phrase, but it is full of meaning for Atlanta, for it means that this city will reap at least a portion of the benefits that the building of this new mill will confer on the neighborhood that is fortunate enough to be its site.

It seems to be settled that the new mill will be built in the Piedmont region, of which Atlanta is the commercial capital; and, as the company that is to establish it has recently increased its capital to \$2,000,000, the plant is likely to be a large one.

While the new mill will confer great benefits on this section in various ways, the fact that it is to be built here by old and experienced mill men from the center of eastern manufacturing is by far the most significant and important feature of the venture. It is a sign that the manufacturers of New England are at last beginning to realize the fact that the east, remote as it is from the cotton fields, cannot compete with the natural advantages which well managed mills enjoy in the south. Southern mills, managed by inexperienced, but intelligent men, have succeeded, and this fact of itself shows that the south is destined to become in the course of a comparatively few years the greatest cotton manufacturing region of the world.

This matter has been argued by various people in various ways, but it has never seemed to us to admit of an argument. An average advantage of a cent on every pound of cotton is something that the statisticians cannot dispose of. It is a fact that sticks out and controls. The new mill can hardly be described as an experiment, though it may seem to be so from a New England point of view. It is merely the beginning of the

gradual transfer of the cotton manufacturing industry of the north and east to the Piedmont region of the south.

## Vote the Democratic Ticket.

We have thus far failed to see a single sound and substantial reason why men who have heretofore supported the democratic party because they believed in democratic principles should turn their backs on the organization now. We do not believe there is an intelligent voter in the state who can truthfully say that any argument advanced by the populists is worth considering when placed side by side with the overwhelming importance of democratic unity and harmony—the unity and harmony that are absolutely essential to the success of the reforms which the people have at heart.

It is charged that the financial plank of the Chicago platform was not carried out by the democrats in congress. The charge contains only half of the truth. A majority of the democrats in congress voted in favor of platform legislation on the silver question, but all their efforts were rendered futile and of no avail by the attitude of individual democrats from the east, who formed an active alliance with the republicans and thus secured the re-establishment of the single gold standard as the basis of our currency system.

We deny that the party in Georgia, or the party in the south, or the party at large is responsible for this collapse in the financial policy. The situation has been such that a few individuals, acting with the republicans, have been able to embarrass the party in congress with respect to both its financial and its tariff policies. Mr. Watson, the populist leader, in his Canton speech, delivered on the 11th of the present month, cleared the skirts of the democratic party of all responsibility for the action of individuals. He did not intend to do it, but he did it.

"No party," Mr. Watson declared in his Canton speech, "is responsible for the individual principles or beliefs of its members which are not sanctioned by the party platform. Every party ought to be judged by its platform, and by the votes of its accredited representatives on that platform." This was just as true before Mr. Watson said it as it was afterwards. It is what The Constitution has been insisting on all along—that the democratic party is not responsible for the attitude and beliefs of the goldbugs who formed an alliance with the republicans to defeat democratic financial legislation and to defeat the efforts of the party to establish a tariff for revenue only.

The platform stands for the party, and no effort of individuals can destroy its potency. The Chicago platform speaks for the party at large, and the state platform speaks for the party in Georgia. The party at large cannot justly be held responsible for the scheme by which the eastern goldbugs, pretending to be democrats, defeated democratic financial legislation. The party in Georgia cannot justly be held responsible for the campaign that certain goldbug bushwhackers have been making against the state platform and against the position of the democratic candidate for governor on the silver question.

In Georgia and in other states the party has taken occasion to discipline certain congressmen who refused to represent the people and the platform on the silver question. These congressmen have been left at home. They have been placed upon the shelf so far as the people are concerned, and the democratic party has to that extent vindicated itself. And it will vindicate itself still further in due time, provided the untimely ambition of a few men, and the shortsightedness and impatience of others do not cripple the organization in the south and in the west.

Every man who votes against the democratic candidates in Georgia votes against his own best and highest interests. Every vote cast against the party next Wednesday is a vote against financial reform and against all the other reforms that the people have in view and that are absolutely essential to their well-being. Those voters who are disgruntled because congress failed to carry out the silver plank of the Chicago platform will not mend matters by voting for the populist candidates or by remaining away from the polls. They will simply show by their action that they are in favor of indefinitely postponing the free coinage of silver as pledged in the platform, together with all the other reforms that are essential to the highest prosperity of the people.

If the goldbugs and the republicans are ever to be overpowered in congress it will have to be done by means of the democratic organization, represented in congress by an active and aggressive democratic majority. No voter with a reasonable appreciation or a clear understanding of democratic principles can afford to endorse the populist platform. Those of its doctrines that are democratic will be found embodied in democratic policy, while all the rest are rank bids for the most vicious form of paternalism. That party proposes to saddle a vast debt upon the people and quadruple the burdens of taxation in order that the railway corporations of the country, through government ownership, may become controlling factors in federal policy.

After all is said, the democratic party remains and will continue to remain the party of the people. Other parties have arisen and disappeared; various have attracted the attention of the whimsical and the thoughtless; but the democratic party remains the same

from generation to generation. Its principles are immutable because they are the foundation on which popular government rests—the basis of civil and political liberty.

The party stands where it has always stood. Traitors may turn their backs on it—place-hunters may seek to undermine it—dishonest officials may succeed for a time in embarrassing its policy—but in the end the people will see that its principles are carried out.

## A Matter of Necessity.

Another grand jury has investigated the condition of our county jail, and has made a strong report in favor of a new structure.

When we hold our coming primary it is to be hoped that every good citizen will cast his vote for the bonds which the county commissioners propose to issue for the purpose of building a jail that will be worthy of Fulton county.

The present unhealthy and badly ventilated den in which our prisoners are confined menaces the health of the entire community. It is a breeding place for epidemics, and moreover the place is so insecure that extra guards have to be employed to keep the inmates from breaking out.

Tear it down and build another. Fulton county is able to build a decent jail, and the great majority of our people are in favor of it. Every grand jury recommends it, and unless we take action in the matter it will soon become a public scandal.

## An Untimely Communication.

We publish elsewhere a communication from Mr. John Temple Graves concerning the state election, and in doing so we wish to state that we consider the card unnecessary, untimely and unjustified. If Mr. Graves is a democrat, and he writes as such, his duty at this hour should be to strengthen the closing planks of the party for Wednesday's battle instead of precipitating unnecessary confusion in ranks that should be united and harmonious.

We can see no possible good in Mr. Graves's communication at this time, and we publish it simply because Mr. Graves, or any other man, has a right to be heard, and insisting upon that right The Constitution cannot, of course, close its columns against him or any one who feels that he has a grievance.

A more enthusiastic and harmonious convention never assembled in Georgia than that of the democratic party which nominated Mr. Atkinson for governor last August. There was nothing done at that convention which should not meet the approval and support of every genuine democrat in Georgia. From the moment that the convention acted it was the duty of every democrat to turn his face to the front and enlist in the fight for the party, and it is now the duty of every democrat to stand by the party and its nominees with such determination as to insure another rousing democratic majority for Georgia.

We confess that we cannot see the object of Mr. Graves's card. He does not write as a populist, does not advocate any of the populist ticket, but simply sounds a distracting tomtom in the ranks of the party to which he belongs just on the eve of its entrance into battle.

As a card writer Mr. Graves writes interestingly, but he displays remarkably poor judgment in the timeliness of his communications. This is not the time for bickering and for strife, for crimination and recrimination, for accusations against party leaders, or for the airing of imaginary grievances. It is the time for work, and every democrat ought to be at it.

In the meantime we trust that our ordinarily amiable and eloquent friend will soon fully regain his democratic temper and be restored to the full possession of his political equilibrium.

## Japan and China.

The struggle between Japan and China is a contest between civilization and semi-barbarism—between the nineteenth century and the middle ages. About forty years ago Commodore Perry negotiated a treaty with Japan, which resulted in Christianizing and civilizing that country. The Japanese carried their newly adopted ideas into Korea, and in a short time brought her people into contact with western civilization. The Chinese, however, disputed the ascendancy of the Japanese, and tacitly agreed to give Russia a coaling station on the northern coast of Korea. This was in direct opposition to the wishes of England, and it was soon understood that when the long-expected conflict between the two countries should come about, England would not hesitate to seize the Russian support in Korea. This would, of course, make the Japanese sea a battlefield for the rival powers and their allies, and Japan and Korea would be the sufferers.

The Japanese statesmen believe that it is their best policy to secure Korea's independence. Japan and Korea hold the key of the north China sea and the Japan sea. Fortify them properly, and Europe cannot prevail against them. This is why Japan for twenty-five years past has been working for Korean independence.

Forty years ago China and Japan were on the same level. For thousands of years they had been under the domination of practically the same religion, customs and policies. If China barred out foreign nations with her great wall on one side and the sea on the other, Japan did the same thing in a different way. At that time the greatest strategist in China was the viceroy, Li Hung Chang. This man was patriotic and far-seeing. He knew that it was only a question of time when the civilization of the west would overwhelm the east and he made every possible effort to prepare China for the change. He took steps to equip the Chinese army and navy with every modern improvement.

During his administration the English general, Gordon, who met with such a sad fate in Africa, drilled the Chinese armies and made them more efficient soldiers than they had ever been before. He did more. He encouraged the foreigners who desired to introduce the appli-

ances of western civilization in China, and it was due to his practical judgment and foresight that the first railroads were constructed.

Such reformers always have enemies, and before Li Hung Chang reached middle age a strong faction was organized against him. Even some of the members of the royal family who hoped in time to reach the throne, conspired for his overthrow. His recent degradation by the emperor is not surprising. He was at least a century in advance of his countrymen, and he met the fate of other great men who have been too far ahead of their people and their age. There are 400,000,000 Chinese, but only one Li Hung Chang. Doubtless his entire following would not number more than a few thousands. So as a critical period he is sacrificed, because the military and naval resources of his country are not equal to those of Japan.

And yet it is a well-known fact that for twenty-five years he has devoted all of his energies to equipping China for the conflict which he saw was inevitable. If he had been supported by the government and the people, China would now be able to dispose of Japan without any trouble.

A glance at the map shows that China is a vast territory, with almost every variety of climate and resources. It is a comparatively mere speck on the map, with only 40,000,000 inhabitants. But the Japanese, after Commodore Perry's visit, and after their civil war embraced western civilization as a whole. They even gave up the religion of their fathers and accepted Christianity.

Since that time the Japanese have made rapid progress. They have railroads, newspapers, colleges, the latest inventions, and everything that makes Europe and America strong and aggressive in peace and in war.

"Reckless in the long run," said Wendell Phillips in one of his famous speeches, and he never said a truer thing. The educated intelligence of Japan is now winning a victory over the dense ignorance and apathy of China. If Europe does not intervene, it goes without saying that the Japanese will win. The Chinese have about one-eighth of the fighting force of the world, but they seem to be unable to utilize it. Although they know the superior equipment of the Japanese they send war vessels out with only twelve rounds of ammunition per gun, and their soldiers are, more than half of them, clad in a Mother Hubbard costume and armed with bows and arrows. Their fate, when they meet Krupp guns, Winchester rifles and armored ships is a foregone conclusion. The defeat of the Chinese will be a victory for civilization.

## The Growth of Our Towns.

A recent report issued by the census department shows that since 1890 the city and town population of the south has increased at a much greater rate than the agricultural population.

In sixteen southern states our total urban population in 1890 was only 1,509,292. In 1880 it was 875,252, an increase of 73 per cent. In these states in 1890 the agricultural population was 10,806,071, and in 1880 it was 16,772,012, an increase of 32.2 per cent. So it will be seen that in three decades since we have had the increase of our urban population has been five times greater than that of our agricultural population.

This tendency of the southern people to mass themselves in the cities and towns will be regretted by many lovers of the old south, but it is an indication of our rapid industrial progress. A generation ago this was not a manufacturing section. Agriculture was our leading interest, and the easy conditions of those days made rural life more attractive than city life.

But in the last few years there has been a great change in the status of affairs south of the Potomac. Furnaces, mills and factories are springing up in every town. This new demand for labor naturally draws people to the towns, and it is safe to say that the growth of cotton manufacturing in this region will cause the movement of population from the country to the towns to continue for some time to come.

The center of population in this country is no longer moving westward. It is gradually shifting southward, and under our new industrial policy it is possible that the largest cities of the continent in future will be found between Baltimore and San Antonio.

The south cannot get along comfortably with only one New England cotton mill. We want 'em all.

The farmers are told that the reason their cotton is worth only 5 cents a pound is because there is no demand for it. But what's the matter with the demand? Have the people of the world held a caucus and decided to return to the fig leaf that Uncle Adams made famous?

The population of the world has about kept pace with the production of cotton. Why has the demand fallen off so that the staple fetches only 5 cents a pound on the farm? What has paralyzed the demand? Nothing but the abolition of the money metal that formerly provided the people with more than half of their primary money.

Editor Golden of The New York Evening Post, in making a stormy time with himself over Hill's nomination.

Even The New York Times concedes that Senator Hill is a powerful man in a political sense.

Democrats all over the earth will thank heaven for the mugwump opposition to Hill that is developing in New York.

## A SUNDAY SYMPHONY.

## By the Fireside.

Pile on the logs! the bright flames start  
 And up the roaring chimney rises  
 How grateful should we be, sweetheart,  
 For just this little fireplace!

I said today that I was poor—  
 And poor in some things I may be;  
 But here's a shelter; who needs more?  
 And your bright eyes to beam for me!

Adorned busts, no paintings rare  
 Adorn the mantel and the shelf;  
 A sweet face shines in golden hair  
 In all the picture of yourself!

We have no idle dreams of fame,  
 And all our worldly wants are few;  
 What care I for a laureled name,  
 When I've the sweetest name in you?

Lean, golden head, upon my breast  
 In wealth of wondrous beauty which  
 Hath crowned my life and made me blest,  
 And kiss me, dear, and make me rich!

—FRANK L. STANTON.

Out of Schedule Time.  
 "Big storm out west, and the colonel says he's coming south."  
 "When does he arrive?"  
 "Can't tell exactly. He's coming on the cyclone!"

Mr. Will T. Hale, editor of The Liberator, Tenn., News, has issued a neat little volume of poems. Mr. Hale has been a frequent contributor to the press for some years past, and his verse has a happy tone which makes it popular.

The Southern Magazine has reduced its annual subscription price to \$1.50. This makes it the cheapest magazine of its class on record. It is now within reach of all the poets who contribute to it.

The Georgia autumn is the most delightful season of the year. The "possum" does show off to advantage in a dress of sweet potatoes!

In Georgia.  
 The mockingbirds sing all night long  
 In Georgia!  
 No end to all the light and song  
 In Georgia!

The color's always in the clouds  
 In Georgia!  
 The fishing line has golden rods  
 In Georgia!

The truest friends—the sweetest life,  
 In Georgia!  
 So kiss your sweetheart, love your wife  
 In Georgia!

Joseph Carter and Ganaway Hartridge are making their way in New York journalism. New York has a number of the old Georgia boys, and they are all climbing the ladder of fame and fortune in the great metropolis.

Nothing Small About Him.  
 Bank Teller—We don't take small deposits here.  
 Editor—Who's a-makin' any small deposit?  
 I'm a-givin' you a list of the bills I owe!

Some Georgia Nuggets.  
 There's lots of good fish in the river, but the one that's in the frying pan is the best of the following him and from the present prospects the populists in his section need not count on getting the negro vote.

When it's hot we want it cold, and when it's cold we want it hot, and when it's cold we want it hot, and when it's hot we want it cold.

Most of the folks who pay as they go generally go in the night and pay when the landlord catches them at the foot of the ladder.

The times are good to the man who makes 'em so. It's all in thinking that you're happy.

Some folks who live for the next world are powerful unhappy because they have to pay house rent in this.

Keep Singing.  
 When fortune frowns and hope is flown—  
 Her way in darkness winging;  
 You can't mend matters with a moan—  
 Keep singing!

And if you have no voice to sing,  
 When sorrow comes you breathe,  
 And can't make the piano ring—  
 Just whistle!

When every blessing seems denied,  
 And toll's a vain endeavor,  
 Keep on! and show your merry side  
 Forever!

The Billville Banner.  
 We failed to raise a preacher's salary, and he has gone to other fields. The fact is, we're too poor to raise a tune.

When the jug is on the empty an' the frost is on the still,  
 An' you see the old collector with the ancient grocery bill,  
 Oh, then you comes a-feelin', an' you're sick against your will—  
 When the jug is on the empty an' the snow is on the still!

We have about decided that the old saying is true, that the more you have, the more half-headed sinners than the devil can accommodate.

We've got our things in order an' our collar stiff as starch,  
 An' we'll soon be crost the border, for we're ready for the march!  
 We're hustlin' through the campaign in the finest kind of style,  
 An' our mule's a-goin' to make it in a minute or mile!

The devil doesn't go about like "a roaring lion" these days. He's as secret as a sewing society, as wise as a detective and as dignified as a Georgia Justice who has just received his commission.

We do not know much about woman's rights, but we do know that a woman's left has sent us sprawling many a time.

Mr. George W. Crisselle is contributing some notable articles of life at sea to The Constitution. The one entitled, "The Sky at Sea," is a masterpiece of humor and good sense, and is well worth a special interest. "Birds of the Sea" and "Signaling at Sea" will follow.

Editorial Comment.  
 Frederick Bauer, of Zanesville, O., wants to know whether his American citizenship is of any practical value to him. He has just returned with his wife and child from a visit to his boyhood home in Alsace, and is very mad about the treatment he received there. Mr. Bauer was thrown into jail in Weisenberg, Alsace, and kept there five days on bread and water and a little soup, and then compelled to pay a fine of 80 marks, which had been assessed against him twelve years ago, and two years after he had emigrated to America, for not appearing before the military commission for examination.

We continue to feel that if the supply of land had not increased so enormously during the past few years the demand for it would have kept the price up. Let's see about the size and shape of the bushwhacking arguments that are spread out before the public daily.

The knock-out argument in favor of expanding the volume of primary money occurs when the farmer unloads his cotton at the door of the warehouse and looks at the size of his pile at the "unfruct"—at the lack of demand that the extent of his warehouse.

An Old Blotch.  
 From Puck.  
 Policeman—This is the naygur, yer honor, as stole this shoe from Finnegans.  
 Justice—Were the shoes in his possession?  
 Policeman—No, sir.

Justice—What's the evidence, then?  
 Policeman—Well, I'm in down the straits, yer honor, "thup thup!" he stooped at waist an' looked back.

## A SUNDAY SYMPHONY.

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The devil doesn't go about like "a roaring lion" these days. He's as secret as a sewing society, as wise as a detective and as dignified as a Georgia Justice who has just received his commission.

We do not know much about woman's rights, but we do know that a woman's left has sent us sprawling many a time.

Mr. George W. Crisselle is contributing some notable articles of life at sea to The Constitution. The one entitled, "The Sky at Sea," is a masterpiece of humor and good sense, and is well worth a special interest. "Birds of the Sea" and "Signaling at Sea" will follow.

Editorial Comment.  
 Frederick Bauer, of



TO 1890.

## THE CITY'S CLAIMS

Are Established and Important Railway Terminals Are Taken.

## THE CENTRAL'S RIGHT OF WAY

All Roads Entering the Union Passenger Depot on City Lands.

## MR. FULTON COLVILLE DISCOVERS IT

Was Evolved Out of an Investigation of Old Land Grants—The City Owns Desirable Railway Lands.

The more the state of Georgia investigates the old land claims bearing upon the railroad terminals in the city of Atlanta, the more sensational grows the story.

Sometime ago it was told in The Constitution how the state, through the skillful work of Colonel W. A. Wimish, special attorney for the state road, the Western and Atlantic, had established the claim that the Central railroad enters the heart of Atlanta and plows its way into the union passenger depot on the right of way of the Western and Atlantic, and how, by some sort of agreement with the Central, the East Tennessee, Virginia and Georgia, and the Georgia Pacific have been running into the union passenger depot for several years on this right of way.

A sensation now turns up in the fact that the city of Atlanta owns all of the important property between Whitehall and Pryor streets that is used by all the roads, except the Western and Atlantic in making way into the union depot.

The claim seems to be well established and the discovery will add many complications to the situation already made cloudy by the railroad's special attorney to look after the right of way of the Western and Atlantic railroad.

The city has been ignorant of her possessions for many years, and the state has claimed much that has not belonged to it.

The title to which was found by Mr. Colville, the Triangle Enclosed by the Heavy Lines Belongs to Atlanta.

The state has been exercising the right of ownership for nearly thirty years of the very property that the city now steps in and lays claim to, and the special attorney for the state acknowledges that the land is the property of the city of Atlanta.

The Discovery Made.

The discovery grew out of an investigation that has been made by Mr. Fulton Colville, assistant city attorney. There was an argument of the claims before the railroad committee of the city council late Friday afternoon and the outcome is that the city's claim has been established to all that land used by the railroads entering the union passenger depot between Whitehall and Pryor streets.

Mr. Colville, who unraveled the problem to the profit of the city and the surprise of everybody who had fallen into the idea that the state owned all the railroad terminals entering the union depot, was talking about the history of the claim yesterday.

What Mr. Colville Says.

"The city bought all the property," said Mr. Colville, "from the Macon and Western railroad. It was originally the land of Richard Peters, and was known in the olden times as the Dick Peters' calf lot. The tract embraced all lands from the corner of Alabama street north, along the line touching the depot, to where the Central railroad enters the depot, then in a straight line to the corner of Whitehall street and Pryor street, then up Whitehall street to Alabama, thence down Alabama to Pryor street, excepting all that tract lying between the alley by the Merchants' bank and Whitehall, as well as a strip lying on the eastern side of Pryor, where the Jackson building now stands.

"It will be seen from this that the city of Atlanta owns all of the triangular strip upon which all roads entering the depot from Whitehall street, except two tracks of the Western and Atlantic and the Central. This triangle is shown by the accompanying map.

"The state claims that the right of way of the Western and Atlantic is 100 feet wide, and takes in Wall street up to and including a part of the sidewalk by the Kimball house and threatens to occupy the same with tracks if the city does not give her the sole and exclusive right to use the triangle. If the state has the right it could levy a tribute upon every road using these tracks to enter the union depot."

The matter is now before the city. Colonel W. A. Wimish, special counsel for the state, appeared before the railroad committee of the council and argued the side of the state. Mr. Fulton Colville appeared for the city.

Mr. Wimish wants the city council to grant to the state the sole right to use this triangle for ever, in consideration of the state allowing the city the right to use Wall street.

Mr. Colville says: "It might be well to give the state the right to use this land as it has been doing, along with the other roads, free of charge, but it is not right for the city to surrender it. It is too valuable. So long as the city holds it she will hold the key to the gates of the union passenger depot and can dictate terms to every road entering, but to surrender would leave her helpless, as she has been heretofore. It can be made if desired a source of great revenue."

The committee adjourned to sit again before reporting to council.

Mother—And what did you do when he kissed you? I hope you saved him you were angry and indignant.

Daughter—Yes, indeed! I was up in arms at once.

## WILD NIGHT RIDE.

The Fearful Work of a Runaway Electric Car Last Evening.

## SEVERAL PASSENGERS SEVERELY INJURED

Was a Narrow Escape, and Many Thought That They Would Be Killed—Caused by a Broken Brake.

An open switch, a rotten rope and a broken brake on car No. 123, of the Consolidated street railway, at 8 o'clock last evening came near causing a serious loss of life.

By lucky chance no one was killed. The injured are:

MRS. T. A. MEANS.

MOTORMAN M. J. PITTS.

CONDUCTOR W. O. FLANAGAN.

MISS LUCILLE MEANS.

MOLLIE ROWE, colored.

It was a wild, reckless ride, and a narrow escape. Men looked on, paralyzed with horror. Passengers held their breath in feverish fear, expecting every moment to be dashed into eternity. Men yelled and women screamed. A large crowd surged about the place and it was a long time before it dispersed and the excitement waned.

It was 8 o'clock when the car coming in from Edgewood avenue left the corner of Broad and Marietta for West End. The register numbered nearly twenty passengers and most of them were bound for their residences along Whitehall street, which course the car was to take. Crossing Broad street bridge the car was going at a pretty stiff speed. For some reason, at the corner of Broad and Alabama the switch was turned wrong, and instead of keeping the regular route down Broad and into Hunter, the car was suddenly jerked into Alabama and got a good start down grade.

The motorman shut off the current quickly and applied the brakes. The car did not stop. He twisted the brake handle again and was startled to see that it would not work. The car gained speed, and by this time the passengers began to realize that it was running away. Then the trolley jumped the wire. The conductor grabbed the rope and was trying to swing it back in place again when it snapped. By this time it had reached the Whitehall cross-



JUDGE BLECKLEY AND HIS BABY.

(From a Photograph Recently Taken by Notes.)

Here Innocence smiles sweet from Wisdom's breast;

Here Learning to an Infant's will doth bow;

For lo! here Love hath laid the loveliest

Of all the laurels on the statesman's brow!

—Frank L. Stanton.

## IS GRESS ELIGIBLE?

A Lively Question Raised in the Municipal Race.

MR. GRESS IS POSTMASTER AT CRAMER

It Is Held That Resignation Will Not Relieve Him—A Lawyer Quotes the Law.

The question that has been raised touching the citizenship of Mr. Gress and his competency for election as a member of the council from the sixth ward in the approaching election has developed into a large-sized sensation in political circles throughout the city. The fact that Mr. Gress wrote a letter to the sheriff, claiming exemption from jury duty upon the ground that he is postmaster at Cramer, Ga., and that this position, as well as his other interests at that point, requires his presence there the greater portion of the time, has been very generally commented on throughout the city, until that which was only a rumor at first has fair to develop into a small-sized political cyclone before the election is over.

A well-known attorney said yesterday: "This question is one deserving the most serious consideration. If the people of Atlanta should on next Wednesday vote to seat Mr. Gress in the city council the question of his legal qualification for the office becomes one of the greatest moment. If it is true that his legal citizenship is at Cramer, he is not a citizen of Atlanta, although he may own a residence here. That he is postmaster at Cramer Mr. Gress does not deny. The United States Revised Statutes, section 333, declare that every postmaster shall reside within the delivery for which he is appointed. In order to obtain the appointment the applicant must state that his residence is at the place where he seeks the appointment. The law in express terms, therefore, fixes Mr. Gress's residence at Cramer, and Mr. Gress himself has declared that his residence is at that point, and is now holding an office at that point, which he could not hold but for the fact that Cramer is his legal residence. Besides, Mr. Gress has recently in this county, in a letter to the sheriff, declined to serve on the jury because of the fact that he is postmaster, and, therefore, a citizen of Cramer, Wilcox county, Georgia. It can make no material difference that Mr. Gress owns a house in this city. The statute under which he is appointed as postmaster declares his residence at Cramer, and Mr. Gress himself declares he is a citizen of Atlanta and avoids jury duty in Fulton county cases and disposed of a lot of other business which does not come under this head.

Among these fourteen jury cases, which were all tried by white juries, there were four cases in which a white man was upon one side either plaintiff or defendant and a negro on the other.

And in every instance the negro, whether as plaintiff or defendant, won his case. In one instance a negro was the plaintiff and the case was brought into the courtroom from Fulton county jail, his hands fastened by handcuffs. Despite these appearances, upon the showing made the jury found a verdict in his favor.

FIVE FIRE ALARMS.

The department had five runs yesterday and the entire loss was not more than \$50. During the morning there were two alarms from box 36, on Windsor street. The fire was in a closet at 93 Windsor street and was quickly extinguished. Less than an hour afterward there was another alarm from the same box, and the fire was in the same house, though in a different part.

About 5 o'clock yesterday afternoon there was a fire on Butler street. The alarm was sent in and the department was quickly on the scene. The damage was slight. About 6 o'clock there was another alarm turned in from box 34, on Cone street near Luckie. The blaze was in the roof of an unoccupied house on Poplar street. Damage slight.

Rather Suggestive.

The existing state of the weather suggests that you supply yourself at once with heavier weight underwear. Possibly it does not call for the heavier weights. Then you should supply yourself with FALL WEIGHTS at once. It is false economy to delay in a matter of this sort.

We are prepared to do you good in FALL WEIGHTS as well as WINTER WEIGHT UNDERWEAR.

A. O. M. GAY & SON

held with or without salary or compensation.

"The city or town officers of the description referred to, by whatever names they may be known, whether held by election or appointment and whether with or without salary or compensation, are of the class which the executive order intends not to be held by persons holding federal offices."

"Thus," continued the attorney, "it will be seen that Mr. Gress is ineligible, being prohibited by law from holding the office of councilman. For two reasons, therefore, Mr. Gress is ineligible to hold office in this city, but he is not even a legal voter.

"To vote in this election he must have resided in this county six months next preceding the election. If, therefore, he is now a citizen of Cramer, he is not only not qualified to hold office in this city, but he is not even a legal voter.

"It is difficult to forecast what would be the effect of such an illegal election. If Mr. Gress is elected, he is not only not qualified to hold office, but he is not even a legal voter. The people of this city should give this matter the most serious consideration. While under other circumstances Mr. Gress would be worthy of, and no doubt receive the support of all good citizens, any office within their gift, we cannot afford, in the important year, with the great exposition looming grandly before us, when our trade, our credit, our government and our honor are at stake, to have a man who is not competent, by reason of citizenship and elected by law from holding the office."

PLENTY OF JUSTICE FOR THEM.

Where Negroes Won Their Cases in Every Single Instance.

During last week Justice Orr tried fourteen jury cases and disposed of a lot of other business which does not come under this head.

Among these fourteen jury cases, which were all tried by white juries, there were four cases in which a white man was upon one side either plaintiff or defendant and a negro on the other.

And in every instance the negro, whether as plaintiff or defendant, won his case. In one instance a negro was the plaintiff and the case was brought into the courtroom from Fulton county jail, his hands fastened by handcuffs. Despite these appearances, upon the showing made the jury found a verdict in his favor.

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A. O. M. GAY & SON

Eiderdown Comfortables at \$3.48.

All wool Extra size Blankets at \$3.48.

## THE FAIR

WE are not going to say much on this page, but what we say will count!

## GRAND DEPARTMENT SALES

Showing how little money will supply your needs at THE FAIR:

New Dress Goods at The Fair. 54-inch Broadcloth 50c yard. 40-inch all wool Cloth 39c yard. 42-inch Flannels at 34c yard. 38-inch Cashmeres at 19c yard. Pin Check Suitings, 40-inch, at 24c yard.

New Dress Goods at The Fair. Black Cashmeres, 40-inch, at 19c. Black Henrietta, all wool, at 33c. Our Black, all wool Henrietta at 69c is worth \$1.00.

New Dress Goods at The Fair. 36-inch half wool Serge at 15c. 36-inch heavy Dress Goods at 12 1-2c. New double width Dress Goods at 10c yard. Others ask 12 1-2c.

## Here are Seven Early-Come Bargains:

That is, you must come early to get them.

Early-Come Bargain No. 1: 5,000 yards Fruit of the Loom Bleaching, full yard wide.....7c yard.

Early-Come Bargain No. 2: 100 pieces Merrimack Indigo Blue Prints at.....4 1-2c yard.

Early-Come Bargain No. 3: Two cases heavy Canton Flannel at.....5c yard.

Early-Come Bargain No. 4: One case of dark Fall Prints at.....4c yard.

Early-Come Bargain No. 5: One case of dark Dress Gingham at.....5c yard.

Early-Come Bargain No. 6: 25 pieces yard wide Cambric, fine, at.....10c yard.

Early-Come Bargain No. 7: 7-8 yard wide Penang, dark Dress Patterns.....8c yard.



## Dry Goods Specials.

China Silk at 39c yard.

Drapery Silk, wide, at 48c yard.

Nine-quarter Sheeting at 15c yard.

Apron Gingham at 5c yard.

Sea Island at 4c yard.

All wool red Flannel 15c yard.

Cotton Diaper 63c bolt.

## Gossamers.

Gossamers for ladies and children at 55c. \$1 and \$1.25 kind. Silk umbrellas at 75c. Cape Mackintoshes at \$1.50.

## Underwear.

We are offering a ribbed vest for ladies at 25c to introduce our new stock. It is an exceptional vest for 25c. (South room).

## SPECIAL IN HANDKERCHIEFS 15c

5,000 Beautiful linen embroidered handkerchiefs, all worth 25c; up; tomorrow at 15c. See these handkerchiefs. Lace edge handkerchiefs at 6c.

## Millinery.

Feather dusters at 10c. Large brooms at 15c. Chamber skins at 3c. Foot baths at 25c. A pair of large tin water pails at \$1.50. Hall lamps at \$1.50. "Marion Harland" coffee pots at 50c. Large wall mirrors at 14c. Coffee mills at 25c. up.

## Portiers and Window Shades.

50 Pairs beautiful portieres, worth \$7.50, at \$4.50.

New window shades at 25c. New plain window shades of best cloth at 5c, and extra long. Lace curtains 60c up.

## Books.

Emerson, Bacon, Carlyle, in dainty cloth at 50c.

Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, in dandy cloth at 50c. New, tinted stationery at 25c a box.

## Dressmaking Supplies.

Bone casing at 2c. Whalebone at 1c. Stockinet, shields at 1c. up. Canvas, shields, 5c. 1 at 5c. All silk taffeta binding at 1c. Velvet binding at 5c. a bolt. Belting at 4c. a yard. Hooks and eyes at 2c. a card.

## Baby Caps.

Silk baby caps at 25c. up. Cashmere baby cloaks at \$1. Soft wool baby caps at 50c. up.

## New Dry Goods Stock.

Since the removal of our china stock into our basement we have gained enough room on the main floor to put in a new stock of Dress Goods—every yard new. 50-inch broadcloth, 50c. a yard. All wool henrietta at 33c a yard.

## Blankets.

All wool 11-4 blankets at \$3.48. Heavy grey blankets at 80c. Comfortables at 50c up. California blankets at \$6; were \$10.

## China.

New decorated, Haviland china in our own lately imported designs \$38 for complete dinner set.

10-Piece toilet sets at \$1.50.

## Small Ware.

Silk thread, 5c. Agate buttons, 2c. a card. Hand mirrors at 15c. Cuticura soap at 14c. Large bar soap at 15c. Whalebone at 7c. a dozen. Tallow's gossamer powder at 15c. Best saphyr at 60 an ounce.

## Dry Goods Specials.

Extra large Towels 10c; 3 for 25c.

Dress Linings at 4c yard.

Crinoline at 9c.

Linen Canvas at 15c yard, the 20c kind.

All wool white Flannel at 22c yard.

Eiderdown for Cloaks at 18c.

## Cut Glass.

Cut glass vinegar jugs at 25c. Cut glass water bottles at \$1.74. Cut glass bouquet holders at 15c.

## Cutlery.

Pocket Knives at 50c. up. Scissors at 10c. up. Fine razor steel scissors at 25c. up. Carving sets at 90c. up.

## Granite and Tinware.

Pie plates, 2 for 5c. Cake boxes at 50c, etc. size. Tin basins at 2c. Granite 12-inch pie plate at 12c. Granite 10-quart dish pan at 7c. Granite drip coffee pot at 60c. Granite saucepans at 15c.

## Notions.

Feather dusters at 10c. Large brooms at 15c. Chamber skins at 3c. Foot baths at 25c. A pair of large tin water pails at \$1.50. Hall lamps at \$1.50. "Marion Harland" coffee pots at 50c. Large wall mirrors at 14c. Coffee mills at 25c. up.

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Silk baby caps at 25c. up. Cashmere baby cloaks at \$1. Soft wool baby caps at 50c. up.

## Crockery.

Carlsbad china tea sets, 55 pieces at \$10. Carlsbad china tea sets, 55 pieces, in new decorations, at \$12. Carlsbad china tea sets, \$12.50. New breakfast plates 1c. Decorated bread and butter plates 1c. Japanese cups and saucers at 10c. Best quality mustard cups at 10c. Gallium milk pitchers at 25c. Best quality mustard cups at 10c. Well for our anniversary sale. Orders will be filled promptly.







[illegible]



## BRIEF SIX CENTS.

October and November Deliveries Are Forced Below the Six Cent Mark.

## SPOT COTTON LOWERS FORMER RECORDS

The Grangers Were Attacked Yesterday and All Sell Lower, C. B. &amp; Q. Leading. Wheat Closed About 5-50 Higher.

NEW YORK, September 29.—The industrial and commercial share lists, American Sugar and Chicago Sugar having figured for \$2.50 shares in a total for the entire list of \$2.50 shares. Sugar was forced down 2 percent to 88, and later rallied to 89 1/2 (89 1/2). The weakness of the stock was due to the reported unsatisfactory condition of the refinery industry. Chicago Sugar presented a firm front and rose to 70 on semi-official statements that the regular delivery of 100,000 barrels for the quarter will be announced either today or Monday. The shorts were alarmed at one time because a large holder of stock who had been lending it on the street ordered his brokers to call it in. As a result the stock commanded a premium of 1-3/4 percent per diem, and a number of smaller bears ran to cover. Distilling and Cattle Feeding declined fractionally to 3. It is reported that the directors will meet in Florida early next week for the purpose of calling for a meeting of the stockholders may be looked for. At this meeting the subject of the reorganization of the property will be broached. The bears made several efforts to depress the Grangers, but the turn of events in Chicago has finally put an end to the raids. Still they succeeded in forcing down Burlington and Quincy to 72 1/2, St. Paul to 65, and Northwest to 102 1/2. The volume of business, however, was light. At the close a steady rise was noted for wheat, sugar, and cotton. Chicago Sugar advanced 1/4, Manhattan 1/4, and Louisville 1/4. In the industrial stocks, Louisville, New Albany and Chicago preferred rose 1/4 to 2 1/2.

The bond market was calm.

Treasury balances: coin, \$75,875,000; currency, \$82,771,000.

Money on call easy at 1 percent; prime mercantile paper, 6 percent.

Sterling exchange steady, with actual business in bankers' bills at 48 1/2 (48 1/2) for 60 days, and 48 1/2 (48 1/2) for demand; posted rates, 48 1/2 (48 1/2); commercial bills, 48 1/2 (48 1/2).

Mexican dollars, 42.

Government bonds, steady.

State bonds, dull.

Railroad bonds, weak.

Silver at the board, 63 1/2 bid.

The following are the market prices:

Am. Oil	100	100
do. pref.	75 1/2	75 1/2
Am. Tobacco	100	100
do. pref.	100	100
Am. Sugar	100	100
do. pref.	100	100
Am. Cotton	100	100
do. pref.	100	100
Am. Lumber	100	100
do. pref.	100	100
Am. Paper	100	100
do. pref.	100	100
Am. Glass	100	100
do. pref.	100	100
Am. Iron	100	100
do. pref.	100	100
Am. Steel	100	100
do. pref.	100	100
Am. Coal	100	100
do. pref.	100	100
Am. Wheat	100	100
do. pref.	100	100
Am. Corn	100	100
do. pref.	100	100
Am. Rice	100	100
do. pref.	100	100
Am. Sugar	100	100
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Am. Cotton	100	100
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do. pref.	100	100
Am. Rice	100	100
do. pref.	100	100
Am. Sugar	100	100
do. pref.	100	100
Am. Cotton	100	100
do. pref.	100	100
Am. Lumber	100	100
do. pref.	100	100
Am. Paper	100	100
do. pref.	100	100
Am. Glass	100	100
do. pref.	100	100
Am. Iron	100	100
do. pref.	100	100
Am. Steel	100	100
do. pref.	100	100
Am. Coal	100	100
do. pref.	100	100
Am. Wheat	100	100
do. pref.	100	100
Am. Corn	100	100
do. pref.	100	100
Am. Rice	100	100
do. pref.	100	100
Am. Sugar	100	100
do. pref.	100	100
Am. Cotton	100	100
do. pref.	100	100
Am. Lumber	100	100
do. pref.	100	100
Am. Paper	100	100
do. pref.	100	100
Am. Glass	100	100
do. pref.	100	100
Am. Iron	100	100
do. pref.	100	100
Am. Steel	100	100
do. pref.	100	100
Am. Coal	100	100
do. pref.	100	100
Am. Wheat	100	100
do. pref.	100	100
Am. Corn	100	100
do. pref.	100	100
Am. Rice	100	100
do. pref.	100	100
Am. Sugar	100	100
do. pref.	100	100
Am. Cotton	100	100
do. pref.	100	100
Am. Lumber	100	100
do. pref.	100	100
Am. Paper	100	100
do. pref.	100	100
Am. Glass	100	100
do. pref.	100	100
Am. Iron	100	100
do. pref.	100	100
Am. Steel	100	100
do. pref.	100	100
Am. Coal	100	100
do. pref.	100	100
Am. Wheat	100	100
do. pref.	100	100
Am. Corn	100	100
do. pref.	100	100
Am. Rice	100	100
do. pref.	100	100
Am. Sugar	100	100
do. pref.	100	100
Am. Cotton	100	100
do. pref.	100	100
Am. Lumber	100	100
do. pref.	100	100
Am. Paper	100	100
do. pref.	100	100
Am. Glass	100	100
do. pref.	100	100
Am. Iron	100	100
do. pref.	100	100
Am. Steel	100	100
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Am. Coal	100	100
do. pref.	100	100
Am. Wheat	100	100
do. pref.	100	100
Am. Corn	100	100
do. pref.	100	100
Am. Rice	100	100
do. pref.	100	100
Am. Sugar	100	100
do. pref.	100	100
Am. Cotton	100	100
do. pref.	100	100
Am. Lumber	100	100
do. pref.	100	100
Am. Paper	100	100
do. pref.	100	100
Am. Glass	100	100
do. pref.	100	100
Am. Iron	100	100
do. pref.	100	100
Am. Steel	100	100
do. pref.	100	100
Am. Coal	100	100
do. pref.	100	100
Am. Wheat	100	100
do. pref.	100	100
Am. Corn	100	100
do. pref.	100	100
Am. Rice	100	100
do. pref.	100	100
Am. Sugar	100	100
do. pref.	100	100
Am. Cotton	100	100
do. pref.	100	100
Am. Lumber	100	100
do. pref.	100	100
Am. Paper	100	100
do. pref.	100	100
Am. Glass	100	100
do. pref.	100	100
Am. Iron	100	100
do. pref.	100	100
Am. Steel	100	100
do. pref.	100	100
Am. Coal	100	100
do. pref.	100	100
Am. Wheat	100	100
do. pref.		







